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Put Yourself in His Place.

CHAPTER VIII.



GRACE came in that moment, with a superb air. She settled herself on the sofa.

"Now, it is my turn, if you please. Pray, sir, do you think your life will be any safer for your insuring it? Insuring does not mean that you are not to be killed; but that, when you *are*, for your obstinacy, somebody else will get paid some money, to dance with over your grave."

"I beg your pardon, Grace," said Mr. Carden, entering, with some printed papers in his hand. "That is not the only use of an insurance. He may want to marry, or to borrow a sum of money to

begin business; and then a policy of insurance, with two or three premiums paid, smooths the difficulty. Everybody should make a will, and everybody should insure his life."

"Well then, sir, I will do both."

"Stop!" said Mr. Carden, who could now afford to be candid. "First of all you ought to satisfy yourself of the flourishing condition of the company." He handed him a prospectus. "This will show you our capital, and our disbursements last year, and the balance of profit declared. And this gives

the balance-sheet of the 'Vulture' and the 'Falcon,' which have assigned their business to us, and are now incorporated in the 'Gosshawk.'"

"Oh, what a voracious bird!" observed Grace. "I hope these other chickabiddies will not prove indigestible. Were they plucked first, Papa? or did the 'Gosshawk' swallow them, feathers and all?"

Little laughed heartily at this pert sally, but Mr. Carden winced under it.

Then Grace saw she was not quite weaponless, and added, "After such a meal as that, Mr. Little, you will go down like a crumb."

"Grace, that is enough," said Mr. Carden, rather severely.

Grace held her tongue directly, and the water came into her eyes. Anything like serious remonstrance was a novelty to her.

When Henry had read the papers, Mr. Carden asked him, rather carelessly, what sum he wished to be insured for.

Now Henry had so little wish about the matter, that he had not given it a thought, and the question took him quite aback. He looked helplessly at Jael. To his surprise, she decided on the sum for him, without a moment's hesitation, and conveyed the figure with that dexterity which the simplest of her sex can command whenever telegraphy is wanted. She did it with two unbroken movements: she put up all the fingers of her right hand to her brow, and that meant five; then she turned her hand rapidly, so as to hide her mouth from the others, who were both on her right hand, and she made the word thousand clear, with her lips and tongue, especially the "th."

But the sum staggered Henry; and made him think he must be misinterpreting her.

He hesitated, to gain time. "Hum!" said he, "the sum?"

Jael repeated her pantomime as before.

Still Henry doubted, and, to feel his way, said, half interrogatively, "Five—thou—sand?"

Jael nodded.

"Five thousand pounds," said Henry, as bold as brass.

"Five thousand pounds!" cried Mr. Carden. "A workman insure his life for five thousand pounds!"

"Well, a man's life is worth five thousand pounds, or it is worth nothing. And, sir, how long do you think I shall be a workman, especially in Hillsborough, where from workman to master is no more than hopping across a gutter?"

Mr. Carden smiled approval. "But five thousand pounds! The annual premium will be considerable. May I ask about how much you make a year?"

"Oh, Papa!"

"Well, sir, Mr. Cheetham pays me 800*l.* a year, at the rate of, and I can make another 100*l.* by carving at-odd times. But, if you doubt my ability, let us stay as we are, sir. It was your proposal, not mine, you know."

"Young man," said Mr. Carden, "never be peppery in business." He said this so solemnly and paternally, it sounded like the eleventh commandment.

To conclude, it was arranged Henry should take the higher class of insurance, which provided for accidents, voyages, everything, and should be insured for 5,000*l.*, provided the physician appointed by the company should pronounce him free from disease.

Henry then rose, and said, sorrowfully, to Grace, "You will not see me here very often now; and never on Saturday afternoon or Monday morning. I am not going to have some blackguard tracking me, and flinging a can of gunpowder in at your window. When I do come, it will be in the morning, and on a working day; and I shall perhaps go ten miles round to get here. It must be diamond cut diamond, for many a month to come, between the Trades and me." He uttered these words with manly gravity, as one who did not underrate the peril he was resolved to face; and left them with a respectful bow.

"That's a rising man," said Mr. Carden; "and may draw a hundred of his class to the 'Gosshawk.' It was a good stroke of business, quite out of the common."

Grace said not a word, but she shook her head, and looked pained and ill at ease. Jael watched her fixedly.

Henry called at the works that night, and examined the new defences, with Mr. Cheetham. He also bought a powerful magnifying glass; and next morning he came to the factory, examined the cinders, and everything else, with the magnifier, lighted his forge, and resumed his work.

At dinner-time he went out and had his chop, and read the *Liberal*; it contained a letter from Jobson, in reply to the editor.

Jobson deplored the criminal act, admitted that the two Unions had decided no individual could be a forger, a handler, and a cutler; such an example was subversive of all the Unions in the city, based, as they were, on subdivision of crafts. "But," said Mr. Jobson, "we were dealing with the matter in a spirit quite inconsistent with outrages, and I am so anxious to convince the public of this, that I have asked a very experienced gentleman to examine our minute-books, and report accordingly."

This letter was supplemented by one from Mr. Grotait, secretary of the Saw-Grinders, which ran thus:—"Messrs Parkin and Jobson have appealed to me to testify to certain facts. I was very reluctant to interfere, for obvious reasons; but was, at last, prevailed on to examine the minute-books of those two Unions, and they certainly do prove that on the very evening before the explosion, those trades had fully discussed Mr. *'s case," (the real name was put, but altered by the editor,) "and had disposed of it as follows: They agreed, and this is entered accordingly, to offer him his travelling expenses (first class) to London, and one pound per week, from their funds, until such time as he should obtain employment. I will only add, that both these secretaries spoke

kindly to me of Mr. * ; and, believing them to be sincere, I ventured to advise them to mark their disapproval of the criminal act, by offering him two pounds per week, instead of one pound ; which advice they have accepted very readily."

Henry was utterly confounded by these letters.

Holdfast commented on them thus :—

"Messrs. Jobson and Parkin virtually say that if A, for certain reasons, pushes a man violently out of Hillsborough, and B draws him gently out of Hillsborough for the same reasons, A and B cannot possibly be co-operating. Messrs. Parkin and Jobson had so little confidence in this argument, which is equivalent to saying there is no such thing as cunning in trade, that they employed a third party to advance it with all the weight of his popularity and seeming impartiality. But who is this candid person, that objects to assume the judge, and assumes the judge ? He is the treasurer and secretary of an Union, that does not number three hundred persons ; yet in that small Union, of which he is dictator, there has been as much rattening, and more shooting, and blowing-up wholesale and retail, with the farcical accompaniment of public repudiation, than in all the other Unions put together. We consider the entrance of this ingenious personage on the scene a bad omen, and shall watch all future proceedings with increased suspicion."

Henry had hardly done reading this, when a man came into the works, and brought him his fifteen pounds back from Mr. Jobson, and a line, offering him his expenses to London, and two pounds per week, from the Edge-Tool Forgers' box, till he should find employment. Henry took his money, and sent back word that the proposal came too late ; after the dastardly attempt to assassinate him, he should defy the Unions, until they accepted his terms. Jobson made no reply. And Henry defied the Unions.

The Unions lay still, like some great fish at the bottom of a pool, and gave no sign of life or animosity. This did not lull Henry into a false security. He never relaxed a single precaution. He avoided "Woodbine Villa ;" he dodged and doubled like a hare, to hide his own abode. But he forged, handled, and finished, in spite of the Unions.

The men were civil to him in the yard, and he had it all his own way, apparently.

He was examined by a surgeon, and reported healthy. He paid the insurance premium, and obtained the policy. So now he felt secure, under the ægis of the Press, and the wing of the "Gosshawk."

By-and-by, that great fish I have mentioned, gave a turn of its tail, and made his placid waters bubble a little.

A woman came into the yard, with a can of tea for her husband, and a full apron. As she went out, she emptied a set of tools out of her apron on to an old grindstone, and slipped out.

The news of this soon travelled into the office, and both Cheetham and Bayne came out to look at them.

They were a set of carving-tools, well made, and highly polished ; and there was a scrap of paper with this distich :

We are Hillsborough made,
Both haft and blade.

Cheetham examined them, and said, " Well, they are clever fellows. I declare these come very near Little's : call him down, and let us draw him."

Bayne called to Henry, and that brought him down, and several more, who winded something.

" Just look at these," said Cheetham.

Little coloured : he saw the finger of the Unions at once, and bristled all over with caution and hostility.

" I see them, sir. They are very fair specimens of cutlery ; and there are only about twenty tools wanting to make a complete set : but there is one defect in them, as carving-tools."

" What is that ? "

" They are useless. You can't carve wood with them. None but a practical carver can design these tools, and then he must invent and make the steel moulds first. Try and sell them in London or Paris, you'll soon find the difference. Mr. Bayne, I wonder you should call me from my forge to examine 'prentice-work." And, with this, he walked off disdainfully, but not quite easy in his mind, for he had noticed a greedy twinkle in Cheetham's eye.

The next day, all the grinders in Mr. Cheetham's employ, except the scissor-grinders, rose, all of a sudden, like a flock of partridges, and went out into the road.

" What is up now ? " inquired Bayne. The answer was, their secretaries had sent for them.

They buzzed in the road, for a few minutes, and then came back to work.

At night there was a great meeting at the " Cutlers' Arms," kept by Mr. Grotait.

At noon next day, all the grinders aforesaid in Mr. Cheetham's employ, walked into the office, and left, each of them, a signed paper to this effect :—

" This is to give you notice that I will leave your service a week after the date thereof." (Meaning " hereof," I presume.)

Cheetham asked several of them what was up. Some replied, civilly, it was a trade matter. Others suggested Mr. Cheetham knew as much about it as they did.

Not a single hot or uncivil word was spoken on either side. The game had been played too often for that, and with results too various.

One or two even expressed a sort of dogged regret. The grinder, Reynolds, a very honest fellow, admitted, to Mr. Cheetham, that he thought it a sorry trick, for a hundred men to strike against one that had had a squeak for his life. " But no matter what I think, or what I say, I must do what the Union bids me, sir."

"I know that, my poor fellow," said Cheetham. "I quarrel with none of you. I fight you all. The other masters, in this town, are mice, but I'm a man."

This sentiment he repeated very often during the next six days.

The seventh came, and the grinders never entered the works.

Cheetham looked grave. However, he said to Bayne, "Go and find out where they are. Do it cleverly now. Don't be noticed."

Bayne soon ascertained they were all in the neighbouring public-houses.

"I thought so," said Cheetham. "They will come in, before night. They shan't beat me, the vagabonds. I'm a man, I'm not a mouse."

"Orders pouring in, sir," sighed Bayne. "And the grinders are rather behind the others in their work already."

"They must have known that: or why draw out the grinders? How could they know it?"

"Sir," said Bayne, "they say old Smitem is in this one. Wherever he is, the master's business is known, or guessed, heaven knows how; and, if there is a hole in his coat, that hole is hit. Just look at the cleverness of it, sir. Here we are, wrong with the forgers and handlers. Yet they come into the works and take their day's wages. But they draw out the grinders, and mutilate the business. They hurt you as much as if they struck, and lost their wages. But no, they want their wages to help pay the grinders on strike. Your only chance was to discharge every man in the works, the moment the grinders gave notice."

"Why didn't you tell me so, then?"

"Because I'm not old Smitem. He can see a thing beforehand. I can see it afterwards. I'm like the weatherwise man's pupil; as good as my master, give me time. The master could tell you, at sunrise, whether the day would be wet or dry, and the pupil he could tell you, at sunset: and that is just the odds between old Smitem and me."

"Well, if he is old Smitem, I'm old Fighem."

At night, he told Bayne he had private information, that the grinders were grumbling at being made a catspaw of by the forgers and the handlers. "Hold on," said he; "they will break up before morning."

At ten o'clock, next day, he came down to the works, and some peremptory orders had poured in. "They must wait," said he, peevishly.

At twelve, he said, "How queer the place seems, and not a grindstone going. It seems as still as the grave. I'm a man; I'm not a mouse."

Mr. Cheetham repeated this last fact in zoology three times, to leave no doubt of it in his own mind, I suppose.;

At one, he said he would shut up the works rather than be a slave.

At 1.15 he blustered.

At 1.20 he gave in: collapsed in a moment, like a punctured bladder. "Bayne," said he, with a groan, "go to Jobson, and ask him to come and talk this foolish business over."

"Excuse me, sir," said Bayne. "Don't be offended; but you are vexed and worried, and whoever the Union sends to you will be as cool as marble. I have just heard it is Redcar carries the conditions."

"What, the foreman of my own forgers! Is he to dictate to me?" cried Cheetham, grinding his teeth with indignation.

"Well, sir, what does it matter?" said Bayne, soothingly. "He is no more than a mouthpiece."

"Go for him," said Cheetham, sullenly.

"But, sir, I can't bear that your own workman should see you so agitated."

"Oh, I shall be all right the moment I see my man before me."

Bayne went off, and soon returned with Redcar. The man had his coat on, but had not removed his leathern apron.

Cheetham received him as the representative of the Unions. "Sit down, Redcar, and let us put an end to this little bother. What do you require?"

"Mr. Little's discharge, sir."

"Are you aware he is with me on a month's notice?"

"They make a point of his leaving the works at once, sir; and I was to beg you to put other hands into his room."

"It is taking a great liberty to propose that."

"Nay. They only want to be satisfied. He has given a vast o' trouble."

"I'll give him a month's warning. If I discharge him on the spot, he can sue me."

"That has been thought on. If he sues you, you can talk to the Unions, and they will act with you. But the grinders are not to come in till Little is out."

"Well, so be it then."

"And his rooms occupied by Union men."

"If I swallow the bolus, I may as well swallow the pills. Anything more?"

"The grinders are not to lose their time; a day and a half."

"What! am I to pay them for not working?"

"Well, sir, if we had come to you, of course the forgers and handlers would have paid the grinders for lost time; but, as you have come to us, you will have to pay them."

Cheetham made a vry face; but acquiesced.

"And then, sir," said Redcar, "there's another little matter. The incidental expenses of the strike."

"I don't know what you mean."

"The expenses incurred by the secretaries, and a little present to another gentleman, who advised us. It comes to thirty pounds altogether."

"What!" cried Cheetham, struggling with his rising choler. "You want me to pay men thirty pounds for organizing a strike, that will cost me

so dear, and rob me of a whole trade that was worth 300*l.* a year? Why not charge me for the gunpowder you blew up Little with, and spoiled my forge? No, Bayne, no; this is too unjust and too tyrannical. Flesh and blood won't bear it. I'll shut up the works, and go back to my grindstone. Better live on bread and water than live a slave."

Redcar took a written paper out of his pocket. "There are the terms written down," said he. "If you sign them, the strike ends; if you don't, it continues—till you do."

Cheetham writhed under the pressure. Orders were pouring in; trade brisk; hands scarce. Each day would add a further loss of many pounds for wages, and doubtless raise fresh exactions. He gulped down something very like a sob, and both his hand and his voice shook with strong passion as he took the pen. "I'll sign it; but if ever my turn comes, I'll remember this against you. This shows what they really are, Bayne. Oh, if ever you workmen get power, GOD HELP THE WORLD!"

These words seemed to come in a great prophetic agony out of a bursting heart.

But the representative of the Unions was neither moved by them nor irritated.

"All right," said he, phlegmatically; "the winner takes his bite; the loser gets his bark: that's reason."

Henry Little was in his handling-room, working away, with a bright perspective before him, when Bayne knocked at the door, and entered with Redcar. Bayne's face wore an expression so piteous, that Henry divined mischief at once.

"Little, my poor fellow, it is all over. We are obliged to part with you."

"Cheetham has thrown me over!"

"What could he do? I am to ask you to vacate these rooms, that we may get our half-day out of the grinders."

Henry turned pale, but there was no help for it.

He got up in a very leisurely way; and, while he was putting on his coat, he told Bayne, doggedly, he should expect his month's salary.

As he was leaving, Redcar spoke to him in rather a sheepish way. "Shake hands, old lad," said he: "thou knows one or t'other must win; and there's not a grain of spite against thee. It's just a trade matter."

Henry stood with his arms akimbo, and looked at Redcar. "I was in hopes," said he, grinding his teeth, "you were going to ask me to take a turn with you in the yard, man to man. But I can't refuse my hand to one of my own sort that asks it. There 'tis. After all, you deserve to win, for you are true to each other; but a master can't be true to a man, nor to anything on earth, but his pocket."

He then strolled out into the yard, with his hands in his pockets, and whistled "The Harmonious Blacksmith," very sick at heart.

CHAPTER IX.

THE strike was over, the grinders poured into the works, and the grindstones revolved. Henry Little leaned against an angle of the building, and listened with aching heart to their remorseless thunder. He stood there disconsolate—the one workman out of work—and sipped the bitter cup, defeat. Then he walked out at the gates, and wandered languidly into the streets. He was miserable, and had nobody to mourn to, for the main cause of his grief lay beneath the surface of this defeat; and how could he reveal it, now, that his ambitious love looked utter madness? Young as he was, he had seen there is no sympathy in the world for any man who loves out of his sphere. Indeed, whatever cures or crushes such a passion, is hailed by the bystanders as a sharp but wholesome medicine.

He sauntered about, and examined all the shops with lack-lustre eye. He looked in at everything, but observed nothing, scarcely saw anything. All his senses were turned inwards. It was such a pitiable and galling result of a gallant fight. Even the insurance office had got the better of him. It had taken one-third of his savings, and the very next day his trade was gone, and his life in no danger. The "Gosshawk" had plucked him, and the trade had tied his hands. Rack his invention how he would, he could see no way of becoming a master in Hillsborough, except by leaving Hillsborough and working hard and long in some other town. He felt in his own heart the love and constancy to do this; but his reason told him such constancy would be wasted; for, while he was working at a distance, the impression, if any, he had made on her would wear away, and some man born with money would step in and carry her gaily off. This thought returned to him again and again, and exasperated him so at last, that he resolved to go to "Woodbine Villa," and tell her his heart before he left the place. Then he should be rejected, no doubt, but perhaps pitied, and not so easily forgotten as if he had melted silently away.

He walked up the hill, first rapidly, then slowly. He called at "Woodbine Villa."

The answer was, "Not at home."

"Everything is against me," said he.

He wandered wearily down again, and just at the entrance of the town he met a gentleman with a lady on each arm, and one of those ladies was Miss Carden. The fortunate cavalier was Mr. Coventry, whom Henry would have seen long before this, but he had been in Paris for the last four months. He had come back fuller than ever of agreeable gossip, and Grace was chatting away to him, and beaming with pleasure, as innocent girls do, when out on a walk with a companion they like. She was so absorbed she did not even see Henry Little. He went off the pavement to make room for their tyrannical crinolines, and passed unnoticed.

He had flushed with joy at first sight of her, but now a deadly qualm seized him. The gentleman was handsome and commanding; Miss Carden

seemed very happy, hanging on his arm ; none the less bright and happy that he, her humble worshipper, was downcast and wretched.

It did not positively prove much : yet it indicated how little he must be to her : and somehow it made him realize more clearly the great disadvantage at which he lay, compared with an admirer belonging to her own class. Hitherto his senses had always been against his reason : but now for once they co-operated with his judgment, and made him feel that, were he to toil for years in London, or Birmingham, and amass a fortune, he should only be where that gentleman was already ; and while the workman, far away, was slaving, that gentleman and others would be courting her. She might refuse one or two. But she would not refuse them all.

Then, in his despair, he murmured, "Would to God I had never seen her !"

He made a fierce resolve he would go home, and tell his mother she could pack up.

He quickened his steps, for fear his poor sorrowful heart should falter.

But, when he had settled on this course, lo ! a fountain of universal hatred seemed to bubble in his heart. He burned to inflict some mortal injury upon Jobson, Parkin, Grotait, Cheetham, and all who had taken a part, either active or passive, in goading him to despair. Now Mr. Cheetham's works lay right in his way ; and it struck him he could make Cheetham smart a little. Cheetham's god was money. Cheetham had thrown him over for money. He would go to Cheetham, and drive a dagger into his pocket.

He walked into the office. Mr. Cheetham was not there : but he found Bayne, and Dr. Amboyne.

"Mr. Bayne," said he, abruptly, "I am come for my month's wages."

The tone was so aggressive, Bayne looked alarmed. "Why, Little, poor Mr. Cheetham is gone home with a bad headache, and a sore heart."

"All the better. I don't want to tell him to his face he is a bragging cur ; all I want out of him now is my money : and you can pay me that."

The pacific Bayne cast a piteous glance at Dr. Amboyne. "I have told you the whole business, sir. Oughtn't Mr. Little to wait till to-morrow, and talk it over with Mr. Cheetham ? I'm only a servant : and a man of peace."

"Whether he ought or not, I think I can answer for him that he will."

"I can't, sir," said Henry, sturdily. "I leave the town to-morrow."

"Oh, that alters the case. But must you leave us so soon ?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am very sorry for that. Tell me your reason. I don't ask out of mere curiosity."

Henry replied with less than his usual candour : "Is it not reason

enough for leaving a place, that my life has been attempted in it, and now my livelihood is taken?"

"Those are certainly strong reasons. But, on the other hand, your life is no longer in danger: and your livelihood is not gone; for, to speak plainly, I came over here the moment I heard you were discharged, to ask you if you would enter my service on the same terms as Mr. Cheetham gave you, only guineas instead of pounds."

"What, turn doctor?"

"Oh dear, no: the doctors' union would forbid that. No, Mr. Little, I am going to ask you to pay me a compliment; to try my service blindfold for one week. You can leave it if you don't like it; but give me one week's trial."

"How can I refuse you that?" said Henry, hanging his head. "You have been a good friend to me. But, sir, mark my words, this place will be my destruction. Well, when am I to begin work?"

"To-morrow at ten."

"So be it," said Henry, wearily, then left the works and went home; but, as he went, he said to himself, "It is not my doing." And his double-faced heart glowed and exulted secretly.

He told his mother how the Trades had beaten him, and he was out of work.

Mrs. Little consoled him hypocritically. She was delighted. Then he told her his departure had been delayed by Dr. Amboyne: that made her look a little anxious.

"One question, dear: now the Union has beaten you, they will not be so spiteful, will they?"

"Oh, no. That is all over. The conquerors can afford to be good-natured. Confound them."

"Then that is all I care about. Then do not leave Hillsborough. Why should you? Wait here patiently. You do not know what may turn up."

"What, mother, do *you* want to stay here now?" said Henry, opening his eyes with astonishment.

"Wherever my son is happy and safe from harm, there I wish to stay—of course."

Next morning Henry called on Dr. Amboyne, and found him in his study, teaching what looked a boy of sixteen, but was twenty-two, to read monosyllables. On Little's entrance the pupil retired from his uphill work, and glowered with vacillating eyes. The lad had a fair feminine face, with three ill things in it: a want, a wildness, and a weakness. To be sure Henry saw it at a disadvantage: for vivid intelligence would come now and then across this mild, wild, vacant face, like the breeze that sweeps a farmyard pond.

"Good morning, Little. This is your fellow-workman."

"He does not look up to much," said Henry, with all a workman's bluntness.

"What, you have found him out! Never mind; he can beat the town at one or two things, and it is for these we will use him. Some call him an idiot. The expression is neat and vigorous, but not precise; so I have christened him the Anomaly. Anomaly, this is Mr. Little; go and shake hands with him, and admire him."

The Anomaly went directly, and gazed into Little's face for some time. He then made his report. "He is beautiful and black."

"I've seen him blacker. Now leave off admiring him, and look at these pictures while I prose. Two thousand philosophers are writing us dead with 'Labour and Capital.' But I vary the bore. 'Life, Labour, and Capital,' is my chant: and, whereas Life has hitherto been banished from the discussion, I put Life in its true place, at the head of the trio. (And Life I divide into long Life, and happy Life.) The subject is too vast to be dealt with all at once; but I'll give you a peep of it. The rustic labourer in the South sells his labour for too little money to support life comfortably. That is a foul wrong. The rustic labourer in the North has small wages, compared with a pitman, or a cutler; but he has enough for health, and he lives longer and more happily than either the pitman or the cutler; so that account is square, in my view of things. But now dive into the Hillsborough trades, and you will find this just balance of Life, Labour, and Capital, regarded in some, but defied in others: a forger is paid as much or more than a dry-grinder, though forging is a hard but tolerably healthy trade, and dry-grinding means an early death after fifteen years of disease and misery. The file-cutters are even more killed and less paid. What is to be done, then? Raise the wages of the more homicidal trades! But this could only be done by all the Unions acting in concert. Now the rival philosophers, who direct the Unions, are all against Democritus—that's myself; they set no value on life. And indeed the most intelligent one, Grotait, smiles blandly on Death, and would grind his scythe for him—at the *statement price*—because that scythe thins the labour-market, and so helps keep up prices."

"Then what can we do? I'm a proof one can't fight the Unions."

"Do? Why, lay hold of the stick at the other end. Let Pseudo-Philosophy set the means above the end, and fix its shortsighted eyes on Labour and Capital, omitting Life. (What does it profit a file-cutter if he gains his master's whole capital and loses his own life?) But you and I, Mr. Little, are true philosophers, and the work we are about to enter on is—saving cutlers' lives."

"I'd rather help take them."

"Of course; and that is why I made the pounds guineas."

"All right, sir," said Henry, colouring. "I don't expect to get six guineas a week for whistling my own tune. How are we to do the job?"

"By putting our heads together. You have, on the side of your temple, a protuberance, which I have noticed in the crania of inventors. So I want you to go round the works, and observe for yourself how Life

is thrown gaily away, in a moment, by needless accidents, and painfully gnawed away by steel-dust, stone-grit, sulphuret of lead, &c. ; and then cudgel your brain for remedies."

"Sir," said Henry, "I am afraid I shall not earn my money. My heart is not in the job."

"Revenge is what you would like to be at, not Philanthropy—ch?"

"Ay, Doctor." And his black eye flashed fire.

"Well, well, that is natural. Humour my crotchet just now, and perhaps I may humour yours a month or two hence. I think I could lay my hand on the fellow who blew you up."

"What, sir! Ah! tell me that, and I'll do as much philanthropy as you like—after——"

"After you have punched your fellow-creature's head."

"But it is impossible, sir. How can you know? These acts are kept as secret as the grave."

"And how often has the grave revealed its secrets to observant men? Dr. Donne sauntered about among graves, and saw a sexton turn up a skull. He examined it, found a nail in it, identified the skull, and had the murderess hung. She was safe from the sexton and the rest of the parish, but not from a stray observer. Well, the day you were blown up, I observed something, and arrived at a conclusion, by my art."

"What, physis?"

"Oh dear, no; my other art, my art of arts, that I don't get paid for; the art of putting myself in other people's places. I'll tell you. While you lay on the ground, in Mr. Cheetham's yard, I scanned the workmen's faces. They were full of pity and regret, and were much alike in expression—all but one. That one looked a man awakened from a dream. His face was wild, stupid, confused, astonished. 'Hallo!' said I, 'why are your looks so unlike the looks of your fellows?' Instantly I put myself in his place. I ceased to be the Democritus, or laughing philosopher of Hillsborough, and became a low uneducated brute of a workman. Then I asked this brute, viz. myself, why I was staring and glaring in that way, stupidly astonished, at the injured man? 'Were you concerned in the criminal act, ye blackguard?' said I to myself. The next step was to put myself in the place of the criminal. I did so; and I realized that I, the criminal, had done the act to please the Unions, and expecting the sympathy of all Union workmen to be with me. Also that I, being an ignorant brute, had never pictured to myself what suffering I should inflict. But what was the result? I now saw the sufferer, and did not like my own act; and I found all the sympathy of my fellows went with him, and that I was loathed and execrated, and should be lynched on the spot were I to own my act. I now whipped back to Dr. Amboyne with the theory thus obtained, and compared it with that face; the two fitted each other, and I saw the criminal before me."

"Good heavens! This is very deep."

"No slop-basin was ever deeper. So leave it for the present, and go

to work. Here are cards admitting you, as my commissioner, to all the principal works. Begin with — Stop a moment, while I put myself in your place. Let me see, Cheetham's grinders think they have turned me out of Hillsborough. That mortifies a young man of merit like me. Confound 'em! I should like to show them they have not the power to drive me out. Combine how they will, I rise superior. I forge as they could not forge: that was my real crime. Well, I'll be their superior still. I'm their inspector, and their benefactor, at higher wages than they, poor devils, will ever earn at inspecting and benefiting, or anything else.' Ah! your colour rises. I've hit the right nail. Isn't it an excellent and most transmigratory art? Then begin with Cheetham. By-the-by, the Anomaly has spotted a defective grindstone there. Scrutinize all his departments severely; for no man values his people's lives less, than my good friend John Cheetham. Away with you both; and God speed you."

Henry walked down the street with the Anomaly, and tried to gauge his intellects.

"What's your real name, my man?"

"Silly Billy."

"Oh, then I'm afraid you can't do much to help me."

"Oh yes, I can, because——"

"Because what?"

"Because I like you."

"Well, that's lucky, any way."

"Billy can catch trout when nobody else can," said the youngster, turning his eyes proudly up to Henry's.

"Oh, indeed! But you see that is not exactly what the Doctor wants us for."

"Nay; he's wrapped up in trout. If it wasn't for Billy and the trout, he'd die right off."

Henry turned a look of silent pity on the boy, and left him in his pleasing illusion. He wondered that Dr. Amboyne should have tacked this biped on to him.

They entered Cheetham's works, and Henry marched grimly into the office, and showed Mr. Bayne his credentials.

"Why, Little, you had no need of that."

"Oh, it is as well to have no misunderstanding with your employer's masters. I visit these works for my present employer, Dr. Amboyne, with the consent of Mr. Cheetham, here written."

"Very well, sir," said Bayne, obsequiously; "and I respectfully solicit the honour of conducting our esteemed visitor."

A young man's ill humour could not stand against this. "Come along, old fellow," said Henry. "I'm a bear, with a sore heart; but who could be such a brute as quarrel with you? Let us begin with the chaps who drove me out—the grinders. I'm hired to philanthropize 'em —d—n 'em."

They went among the dry-grinders first; and Henry made the following observations. The workmen's hair and clothes were powdered with grit and dust from the grindstones. The very air was impregnated with it, and soon irritated his own lungs perceptibly. Here was early death, by bronchitis and lung diseases, reduced to a certainty. But he also learned from the men that the quantity of metal ground off was prodigious, and entered their bodies they scarce knew how. A razor-grinder showed him his shirt: it was a deep buff-colour. "There, sir," said he, "that was clean on yesterday. All the washerwomen in Hillsboro' can't make a shirt of mine any other colour but that." The effect on life, health, and happiness was visible; a single glance revealed rounded shoulders and narrow chests, caused partly by the grinder's position on his horsing, a position very injurious to the organs of breathing, and partly by the two devil's dusts that filled the air; cadaverous faces, the muscles of which betrayed habitual suffering, coughs short and dry, or with a frothy expectoration peculiar to the trade.

In answer to questions, many complained of a fearful tightness across the chest, of inability to eat or to digest. One said it took him five minutes to get up the factory stairs, and he had to lean against the wall several times.

A razor-grinder of twenty-two, with death in his face, told Henry he had come into that room when he was eleven. "It soon takes hold of boys," said he. "I've got what I shall never get shut on."

Another, who looked ill, but not dying, received Henry's sympathy with a terrible apathy. "I'm twenty-eight," said he; "and a fork-grinder is an old cock at thirty. I must look to drop off my perch in a year or two, like the rest."

Only one, of all these victims, seemed to trouble his head about whether death and disease could be averted. This one complained that some employers provided fans to drive the dust from the grinder, but Cheetham would not go to the expense.

The rest that Henry spoke to accepted their fate doggedly. They were ready to complain, but not to move a finger in self-defence. Their fathers had been ground out young, and why not they?

Indifferent to life, health, and happiness, they could nevertheless be inflamed about sixpence a week. In other words, the money-price of their labour was everything to them, the blood-price nothing.

Henry found this out, and it gave him a glimpse into the mind of Amboyne.

He felt quite confused, and began to waver between hate, contempt, and pity. Was it really these poor doomed wretches who had robbed him of his livelihood? Could men so miscalculate the size of things, as to strike because an inoffensive individual was making complete carving-tools all by himself, and yet not strike, nor even stipulate for fans, to carry disease and death away from their own vitals? Why, it seemed wasting hate, to bestow it on these blind idiots.

He went on to the wet-grinders; and he found their trade much healthier than dry-grinding: yet there were drawbacks. They suffered from the grit whenever a new stone was hung and raced. They were also subject to a canker of the hands, and to colds, coughs, and inflammations, from perspiration checked by cold draughts and drenched floors. These floors were often of mud, and so the wet stagnated and chilled their feet, while their bodies were very hot. Excellent recipe for filling graves.

Here Bayne retired to his books, and Henry proceeded to the saw-grinders, and entered their rooms with no little interest, for they were an envied trade. They had been for many years governed by Grotait, than whom no man in England saw clearer; though such men as Amboyne saw farther. Grotait, by a system of Machiavellian policy, ingeniously devised and carried out, nobly, basely, craftily, forcibly, benevolently, ruthlessly, whichever way best suited the particular occasion, had built a model union; and still, with unremitting zeal and vigilance, contrived to keep numbers down and prices up—which is the great Union problem.

The work was hard, but it was done in a position favourable to the lungs, and the men were healthy brawny fellows; one or two were of remarkable stature.

Up to this moment Silly Billy had fully justified that title. He had stuck to Henry's side like a dog, but with no more interest in the inquiry than a calf. Indeed, his wandering eye and vacant face had indicated that his scanty wits were wool-gathering miles from the place that contained his body.

But, as soon as he entered the saw-grinders' room, his features lighted up, and his eye kindled. He now took up a commanding position in the centre, and appeared to be listening keenly. And he had not listened many seconds before he cried out, "There's the bad music! there! there!" And he pointed to a grindstone that was turning and doing its work exactly like the others. "Oh, the bad music!" cried Billy. "It is out of tune. It says, 'Murder! murder! Out of tune!'"

Henry thought it his duty to inspect the grindstone so vigorously denounced, and, naturally enough, went in front of the grinder. But Billy pulled him violently to the side. "You mustn't stand there," said he. "That is the way they fly when they break, and kill the poor father, and then the mother lets down her hair, and the boy goes crazed."

By this time the men were attracted by the Anomaly's gestures and exclamations, and several left their work, and came round him. "What is amiss, Billy? a flawed stone, eh? which is it?"

"Here! here!" said the boy. "This is the wheel of death. Kill it, break it, smash it, before it kills another father."

Henry spoke to the grinder, and asked him if there was anything amiss with the stone.

The man seemed singularly uneasy at being spoken to: however he made answer sullenly that he had seen better ones, and worse ones, and all.

Henry was, however, aware, that the breaking of a large grindstone, while revolving by steam-power, was a serious, and often a fatal thing; he therefore made a private mark upon the wall opposite the grindstone, and took his excited companion to Bayne. "This poor lad says he has found a defective grindstone. It is impossible for me to test it while it is running. Will you let us into the works when the saw-grinders have left?"

Bayne hem'd and haw'd a little, but consented. He would remain behind half-an-hour to oblige Little.

Henry gave the Anomaly his dinner, and then inspected the file-cutters in two great works. Here he found suicide reduced to a system. Whereof anon.

Returning, to keep his appointment with Bayne, he met a well-dressed man, who stopped Billy, and accosted him kindly.

Henry strolled on.

He heard their voices behind him all the way, and the man stopped at Cheetham's gate, which rather surprised him. "Has Billy told you what we are at?" said he.

"Yes. But the very look of him was enough. I know Billy, and his ways, better than you do."

"Very likely. What, are you coming in with us?"

"If you have no objection."

The door was opened by Bayne in person. He started at sight of the companion his friend had picked up, and asked him, with marked civility, if there was anything amiss. "Not that I know of," was the reply. "I merely thought that my experience might be of some little service to you in an inquiry of this kind."

"Not a doubt of it, sir," said Bayne, and led the way with his lantern, for it was past sunset. On the road, the visitor asked if anybody had marked the accused stone. Henry said he should know it again. "That is right," said the other.

On entering the room, this personage took Billy by the arm, and held him. "Let us have no false alarms," he said, and blindfolded the boy with his handkerchief in a moment.

And now an examination commenced, which the time and the place rendered curious and striking.

It was a long, lofty room; the back part mainly occupied by the drums that were turned by the driving-power. The power was on the floor above, and acted by means of huge bands that came down through holes in the ceiling and turned the drums. From each of these drums came two leather bands, each of which turned a pulley-wheel, and each pulley-wheel a grindstone, to whose axle it was attached; but now the grindstones rested in the troughs, and the great wheel-bands hung limp, and the other bands lay along loose and serpentine. In the dim light of a single lamp, it all looked like a gigantic polypus with its limbs extended lazily, and its fingers holding semicircular claws: for of the grindstones less than half is visible.

Billy was a timid creature, and this blindfolding business rather scared him: he had almost to be dragged within reach of these gaunt antennæ. But each time they got him to touch a grindstone, his body changed its character from shrinking and doubtful, to erect and energetic, and he applied his test. This boy carried with him, night and day, a little wooden hammer, like an auctioneer's, and with this he now tapped each stone several times, searching for the one he had denounced: and, at each experiment, he begged the others to keep away from him and leave him alone with the subject of his experiment; which they did, and held up the lamp and threw the light on him.

Six heavy grindstones he tapped, and approved, three he even praised and called "good music."

"The seventh he struck twice, first gently, then hard, and drew back from it, screaming, "Oh, the bad music! Oh, the wheel of death!" and tried to tear the handkerchief from his eyes.

"Be quiet, Billy," said the visitor, calmly; and, putting his arm round the boy's neck, drew him to his side, and detached the handkerchief, all in a certain paternal way that seemed to betoken a kindly disposition. But, whilst he was doing this, he said to Henry, "Now—you marked a stone in daylight; which was it?"

"No, no, I didn't mark the stone, but I wrote on the wall just opposite. Lend us the light, Bayne. By George, here is my mark right opposite this stone."

"Then Billy's right. Well done, Billy." He put his hand in his pocket and gave him a new shilling. He then inquired of Bayne, with the air of a pupil seeking advice from a master, whether this discovery ought not to be acted upon.

"What would you suggest, sir?" asked Bayne, with equal deference.

"Oh, if I was sure I should not be considered presumptuous in offering my advice, I would say, Turn the stone into the yard, and hang a new one. You have got three excellent ones outside; from Buckhurst quarry, by the look of them."

"It shall be done, sir."

This effective co-operation, on the part of a stranger, was naturally gratifying to Henry, and he said to him: "I should be glad to ask you a question. You seem to know a good deal about this trade——"

A low chuckle burst out of Bayne, but he instantly suppressed it, for fear of giving offence—

"Are serious accidents really common with these grindstones?"

"No, no," said Bayne, "not common. Heaven forbid."

"They are not common—in the newspapers," replied the other. "But," (to Bayne,) "will you permit me to light these two gaslights for a moment?"

"Well, sir, it is contrary to our rules,—but——"

"All the more obliging of you," said the visitor, coolly, and lighted them, with his own match, in a twinkling. He then drew out of his

waistcoat pocket a double eyeglass, gold-mounted, and examining the ceiling with it, soon directed Henry's attention to two deep dents and a brown splash. "Every one of those marks," said he, "is a history, and was written by a flying grindstone. Where you see the dents the stone struck the ceiling;" he added, very gravely, "and, when it came down again, ask yourself, did it *always* fall right? These histories are written only on the ceiling and the walls. The floor could tell its tales too; but a crushed workman is soon swept off it, and the wheels go on again."

"That is too true," said Henry. "And it does a chap's heart good to hear a gentleman like you——"

"I'm not a gentleman. I'm an old Saw."

"Excuse me, sir, you look like a gentleman, and talk like one."

"And I try to conduct myself like one: but I *am* an old Saw."

"What! and carry a gold eyeglass?"

"The Trade gave it me. I'm an old Saw."

"Well then, all the better, for you can tell me, and please do: have you ever actually known fatal accidents from this cause?"

"I have known the light grinders very much shaken by a breaking stone, and away from work a month after it. And, working among saw-grinders, who use heavy stones, and stand over them in working, I've seen—— Billy, go and look at thy shilling, in the yard, and see which is brightest, it or the moon. Is he gone? I've seen three men die within a few yards of me. One, the stone flew in two pieces; a fragment, weighing about four hundredweight I should say, struck him on the breast, and killed him on place; he never spoke. I've forgotten his very name. Another; the stone went clean out of window, but it kicked the grinder backwards among the machinery, and his head was crushed like an eggshell. But the worst of all was poor Billy's father. He had been warned against his stone; but he said he would run it out. Well, his little boy, that is Billy, had just brought him in his tea, and was standing beside him, when the stone went like a pistol-shot, and snapped the horsing chains like thread: a piece struck the wall, and did no harm, only made a hole; but the bigger half went clean up to the ceiling, and then fell plumb down again; the grinder he was knocked stupid like, and had fallen forward on his broken horsing: the grindstone fell right on him, and, ah,—I saw the son covered with the father's blood."

He shuddered visibly, at the recollection. "Ay," said he, "the man a corpse, and the lad an idiot. One faulty stone did that, within four yards of me, in a moment of time."

"Good heavens!"

"I was grinding at the next stone but one. He was taken, and I was left. It might just as well have been the other way. No saw-grinder can make sure, when he gets on his horsing, that he will come off it alive."

The visitor left Henry to think of this while he drew Bayne aside, and spoke on another matter.

Afterwards, all three left the works together; and Henry was so pleased

with his new ally, that he told him, at the gate, he should be glad if he might be allowed to make his acquaintance.

"By all means," said the other. "I am quite at your service. You will find me at the 'Cutlers' Arms.'"

"Who shall I ask for?"

"George Grotait."

"Grotait. The devil!"

"No, no. Not quite so bad as that."

"What," said Henry, roughly, "do you mean to say you are Old Smitem?"

"That is a name *fools* give me."

Henry had no reply ready, and so the sturdy old secretary got the better of him again, and went his way unruffled.

Henry scolded Bayne for not telling him. Bayne excused himself on the ground that he thought everybody knew Grotait. He added, "He knew you, and told me if he could serve you, without being unjust to the Trades, I was to tell him."

Henry replied to this only by a snort of defiance, and bade him good night.

The next day and the next were spent in other works, and then Henry, having no more facts to learn, fell into deep dejection again. He saw he must either cheat Dr. Amboyne, by shamming work, or else must leave Hillsborough.

He had the honesty to go to the Doctor and say that he had mastered the whole matter, and didn't see his way to take any more wages from a friend.

"You mean you have mastered the broad facts."

"I have, sir, and they are beyond belief; especially the file-cutters. They are the most numerous of all the Trades, and die like sheep. If your notion about Life, Labour, and Capital is right, the Trades are upside down; for the deadliest are the worst paid."

"And you are prepared with the remedies?"

"Not I."

"Yet you fancy you are at the end of your work. Why, you are only beginning. Now comes the real brain work; invention. Now are cranio-logy and you upon your trial. But you are quite right about weekly salary. Invention must not be so degraded, but paid by the piece. Life, Labour, and Capital are upside down in this place, are they? Then you shall be the man to set them on their legs."

Henry shook his head. "Never, sir, unless I could give the masters bowels, and the men brains."

"Well, and why not? To invention all things are possible. You carry a note-book?"

"Yes, sir."

"Got it in your pocket?"

"No; on my shoulders."

"Haw! haw! haw! Then write this down in it—'THERE'S A KEY TO EVERY LOCK.'"

"It's down, sir."

"Now you must go out trout-fishing with Billy. He will take you on the hills, where the air is pure, and favourable to invention. You will divert your mind from all external subjects, especially Billy, who is a fool, and his trout-killing inhumane, and I a merciless glutton for eating them; and you will think, and think, and think, and forge the required key to this lock with three wards—Life, Labour, Capital. And, when forged, the Philanthropic Society shall pay you a good price for it. Meantime, don't dream of leaving Hillsborough, or I shall give you a stirrup-cup that will waft you much farther than London; for it shall be 'of prussic acid all composed,' or 'juice of cursed Hebenon in a phial.' Come, away with you."

"Good-by, Doctor. God bless you. You have found 'the key to my heart' somehow. I come to you a miserable broken-hearted dog, and you put life and hope into me directly. I declare talking with you it's like drinking sunshine. I'll try all I know to please you."

He went down the street with his old elastic tread, and muttered to himself, "There's no lock without a key."

Next day he went out on the hills with Billy, and saw him tickle trout, and catch them under stones, and do many strange things, and all the time he thought of Grace Carden, and bemoaned his sad fate. He could not command his mind, and direct it to philanthropy. His heart would not let him, and his personal wrongs were too recent. After a short struggle, these got so thoroughly the better, that he found himself stealing the Doctor's words for his own purposes. "No lock without a key." Then there must be some way of outwitting these cursed Trades, and so making money enough to set up as a master, and then court her, and woo her, and marry her. Heaven seemed to open on him at this prospect, and he fell into a deep reverie. By-and-by, as he pondered, it seemed to him as if the shadow of a coming idea was projected in advance of the idea itself. He knew somehow there was a way to baffle his enemies, and resume his business, and yet he could not see the way; but still he was absolutely conscious it existed.

This conviction took such hold of him, that he became restless, and asked Billy to leave off and come away. The youth consented, and they returned to the town with a basket of trout. Henry sent Billy on to the Doctor with half of them, and took the other half to his friend Bayne.

On what a trifle things turn. Bayne was very much pleased with his little attention, and asked him to take them to his lodging, and beg the landlady to cook them for dinner. "Tell her you dine with me, old fellow."

"Oh, hang it, I wasn't fishing for a dinner."

"As if I didn't know that. But you must. Then I shall enjoy your company in peace. I shall be there in an hour."

And so he was : but in that one hour events had occurred that I shall leave Mr. Bayne to relate.

During dinner neither of the friends wasted much time in talk : but, after dinner, Bayne produced a bottle of port, notwithstanding Henry's remonstrances at being treated like a stranger, and it soon became apparent that the host himself was not in the habit of drinking that generous mixture every day. At the second glass he so far forgot himself as to utter the phrase "Eternal friendship," and, soon after, he began to writhe in his chair, and, at last, could no longer refrain himself, but told Henry that Miss Carden had been canvassing customers. She had just sent in six orders for sets of carving-tools, all for friends of her own.

Henry coloured to the temples at this unexpected proof that she he loved thought of him too.

"Oh, Bayne," cried the poor young man, almost choking, "I little thought—God bless her!"

"Let us drink her health," said Bayne, excitedly.

"Ah, that I will!" And this was the first glass Henry drank honestly.

"Now, Little, I'm not doing quite right, you know; but I *must* tell you. When we lost you—you know that set of tools the Union dropped in our yard—well, he sent them to London for yours."

"That is just like him," said Henry, bitterly.

"And I'll tell you a good joke; they were in the place when you called, only not unpacked till just before I came away. Returned, sir! with a severe reprimand. 'Wonder you should send us such things as these for carving-tools by Little. If the error is not repaired shall consider ourselves at liberty to communicate direct with that workman.' A regular sugar-plum."

"Oh, thank you, my kind friend, for telling me. The world isn't all bitterness, after all: a poor fellow gets a sweet drop of friendship now and then."

"Yes, and a good drop of port now and then, though I say it that shouldn't. Fill up. Well, my boy, Cheetham is in a fine way. I left him walking about the office like a hyena. So now is your time. You can't fight the Trades; but, if Cheetham will go in with you, and I know he will, for he is sorer than you are, you can trick the Trades yet."

"Ah! tell me how, that is all."

"Oh, I can't tell you exactly. I'll try, though. I say, what a glorious thing the Ruby is: it inspires us, and fires us, etcetera, and gives us ideas beyond our sphere. Did you ever see one of these new portable forges?"

"No; never heard of them."

"No wonder; they are just out. Well, buy one of them—they were invented here—and carry it to some dismal cavern, where the foot of man never treads: make Cheetham grind your blades in another county: and who will ever know? Go to him, and don't say a word, but just ask him

for your month's salary. Then he will open the door of business himself—safe. I'll drink his health. He's not a bad sort, Cheetham: only he'd sell his soul for money. I hate such rubbish. Here's 'Perdition to the lot; and no heel-taps.' ”

These words of fire set Henry pondering deeply; and, as he pondered, Bayne stuck to the port, and so effectually, that, at last, after an interval of silence, he came out in a new character. He disturbed his companion's reverie by informing him, in a loud aggressive tone, that it had long been his secret wish to encounter the Hillsborough Trades, in the persons of their secretaries, under the following conditions: a twenty-four feet ring, an experienced referee, and a kingdom looking on. As to the order of the pugilistic events, he was not unreasonably fastidious; must stipulate to begin with old Smiten; but, after that, they might encounter their fate in any order they chose, one down t'other come on. He let him know that this ardent desire for single combats, in an interminable series, arose from their treatment of his friend—"the best friend—the best heart—oh!—the best company—oh! oh!—the best—oh! oh! oh!" Whereupon he wept, the bellicose Bayne. And, after weeping the usual quantity, he twaddled, and, after twaddling, he became as pacific as ever, for he went to sleep in his chair.

And, while he snoozed, the words he had uttered set his friend's brain boiling and bubbling.

When the time came at which Bayne ought to return to the works, Henry called the landlady, and said, "Mr. Bayne is not very well. I am going to make his excuses. I wouldn't disturb him till five, if I was you, and then I'd give him a strong cup of tea."

Henry then went direct to the office, and found Mr. Cheetham there.

"Well?" said Mr. Cheetham, rather surlily.

"I am come to ask for my month, sir."

"So I guessed. Do you really mean to exact that?"

"Why not, sir?"

"Haven't you heard how they ground me down?"

"Yes, sir. But why did you give in? I was true to you, but you failed me. I'd have shut up the works for three months, rather than be made a slave of, and go from my word."

"Ay, ay; that's bachelor's talk. I've got a wife and children; and they make a man a mouse."

"Well, sir, I forgive you: but as to my month's wages—now all I say is—PUT YOURSELF IN MY PLACE!"

"Well?"

"You are me. You are brought from London, under an agreement, a month's notice on either side. You work, and give satisfaction. You are threatened, but you don't run from your employer. You are blown up, and nearly killed. You lose a fortnight, but you don't charge for it; 'twasn't your employer's fault. You come back to him, and face the music again. You work with the sword hanging over you. But your

employer gives in, and sacks you in a minute. Oughtn't you to have your month? Come now, man to man, oughtn't you?"

"I ought, and that's the truth. I didn't look at it that way. I saw my own side. There—no more about it—I'll draw the cheque—with a good heart."

He drew his cheque-book to him, with a face as if vultures were tearing his vitals.

When Henry found him Amboynable, and saw his piteous look, he felt a little softened towards him, and he said, very impressively, "Wait one moment, sir, I've got an idea. I'm not the sort that likes to be beat. Are *you*?" The men looked steadily at each other.

Cheetham lowered his voice: "I've had hell inside me ever since. I thought I was a man, but they made a mouse of me. If you know any way to beat them, I'll go in with you."

"Well, sir, there's a key to every lock."

"That is well said, and I believe it; but one can't always find the key."

"I almost think I have, sir."

"See nobody is listening. Where is Bayne? He is due."

"Oh, he is not very well, sir; and I was to ask you for an hour's absence."

"Let him have the whole afternoon. I'll not have a soul in this but us two. Now come close, and tell me."

They sat opposite each other, and put their heads together over the table, and the following dialogue passed almost in a whisper. To see them, you would have thought they were conspiring against the law, instead of combining to hide a lawful act from the violaters of the law.

"I can forge the blades a dozen miles from Hillsborough."

"Not you; you will be told of. That won't do."

"I shall not be told of; for nobody will know but you. I shall only forge at night; and the building is out of the world, and wedged in, out of sight, between two bleak hills. Sir, it is a deserted church."

"What, forge blades in a church?"

"A deserted church; why not?"

"Little, you are A 1. Go on."

"I can get the blades ground by a friend at Birmingham; and my mother and I can put them together at home. The complete articles will come to you in parcels of a certain coloured paper, invoiced in cipher outside, so that they need not be opened; you can trust the invoice, and despatch them to your London agent."

"All right,"

"The steel you must supply me at the current price, and charge it against me."

"Certainly. But your price per gross? For this work can't be done by time."

"Of course not." And Henry named a price per gross at which

Cheetham lifted up his hands. "Why, you'll take nine pounds a week at that!"

"Ay, and more," said Henry, coolly. "But I sha'n't make it. Why, this scheme entails no end of expenses. A house, and stables with back entrance. A swift horse, to gallop to the forge at sunset, and back by noon. A cart to take the things to the railway and back, and to the parcel delivery for you. And, besides that, I must risk my neck, riding over broken ground at night; and working night and day shortens life. You can't reduce these things to Labour and Capital. It's Life, Labour, and Capital."

"Hallo! There's a new cry. I tell ye what; you know too much for me. You read the *Beehive*. I take you at your price."

Then he had a misgiving. "That old Smitem's as crafty as a fox. If he finds you stay here, with no visible employment, he will soon be down on us."

"Ay; but in the daytime I shall appear as a carver of wood, and also an inspector of factories for Dr. Amboyne. Who will suspect me of a night trade, as well as two day trades?"

Cheetham slapped the table triumphantly; but, recovering his caution, he whispered, "It's planned first-rate."

"And now, sir, there is one difficulty you must help me in, if you please. It is to set up the forge unobserved."

"What, am I to find the forge?"

"There's a question, sir! Of course you are. One of these new portable forges."

Cheetham reflected for some little time. He then said it was a ticklish thing, and he saw but one way. "The forge must come here, after closing hours, and you and I must fetch it away in the dead of night, and take it down to the old church, and set it up."

"Well, but, sir, we shall want assistance."

"Nay, nay. I've got the last suit of moleskin I ever worked in laid away. I'll air 'em, and put 'em on again; and, when I've got 'em on, once more, I shall feel a man again. I'll have neither fool nor spy in it; the thing is too serious. I might bring some country fellow, that can't read or write; but no, these portables are small things, and I'm one of the strongest men in Hillsborough. Best keep it to ourselves. When is it to be?"

"Say next Wednesday, two hours after midnight."

"Then that is settled. And now I'll square the old account, as agreed." He drew his cheque-book towards him again.

But Henry stopped him. "Fair play's a jewel," said he, smiling.

"The moment you sacked me——"

"Say the Trades, not me."

"Dr. Amboyne hired me, at six guineas a week, to inspect the works. So you owe me nothing; but to be true to me."

This trait, though it was one of simple probity, astonished and

gratified Mr. Cheetham. He looked on the young man with marked respect. "You are hard ; but you are very square. I'll be true as steel to you, and we'll outwit our tyrants together, till I get a chance to put my foot on them. Yes, I'll be open with you ; there are plenty of orders from London and the Continent, and one for six sets from swells in Hillsborough.

"Might I see that order ?"

"Why not ? There, run your eye over it. I want to go into the packing-room for a minute."

He then tossed Henry the order, as if it was nothing more than an order.

But it was a great deal more than that to Henry. It was Grace Carden's handwriting, the first specimen he had ever seen.

He took the paper in his hand, and a slight perfume came from it that went to his heart. He devoured the delicately formed letters, and they went to his heart too : he thrilled all over. And the words were as like her as the perfume. She gave the order, and the addresses of her friends, with a pretty little attempt at the business-like ; but, this done, she burst out, "and we all entreat you to be good to poor Mr. Little, and protect him against the wicked, cruel, abominable Unions."

These sweet words made his heart beat violently, and brought the tears of tenderness into his eyes. He kissed the words again and again. He put them into his bosom, and took them out again, and gloated over them till they danced before his manly eyes. Then his love took another turn : he started up, and marched and strutted, like a young stag, about the room, with one hand pressing the paper to his bosom. Why had he said Wednesday ? It could all have been got ready on Tuesday. No matter, he would make up for that lost day. He was on the road, once more, the road to fortune, and to her.

Cheetham came in, and found him walking excitedly, with the paper in his hand, and of course took the vulgar view of his emotion.

"Ay, lad," said he, "and they are all swells, I promise you. There's Miss Laura Craske. That's the mayor's daughter. Lady Betty Tyrone. She's a visitor. Miss Castleton ! Her father is the county member."

"And who is this Mr. Coventry ?" asked Henry.

"Oh, he is a landed gentleman, but spends his tin in Hillsborough ; and you can't blame him. Mr. Coventry ? Why, that is Miss Carden's intended."

"Her intended !" gasped Henry.

"I mean her bean. The gentleman she is going to marry, they say."

Henry Little turned cold, and a tremor ran through him ; but he did not speak a word ; and, with Spartan fortitude, suppressed all outward sign of emotion. He laid the paper down patiently, and went slowly away.

Loyal to his friend even in this bitter moment, he called at Bayne's place, and left word with the landlady that Mr. Bayne was not wanted at the works any more that day.

But he could not bear to talk to Bayne about his plans. They had lost their relish. He walked listlessly away, and thought it all over.

For the first time he saw his infatuation clearly. Was ever folly like his? If she had been a girl in humble life, would he not have asked whether she had a sweetheart? Yet he must go and give his heart to a lady without inquiry. There, where wisdom and prudence were most needed, he had speculated like an idiot. He saw it, and said to himself, "I have acted like a boy playing at pitch-farthing, not like a man who knew the value of his heart."

And so he passed a miserable time, bemoaning the treasure that was now quite inaccessible instead of nearly, and the treasure of his own heart he had thrown away.

He awoke with a sense of misery and deep depression, and could not eat; and that was a novelty in his young and healthy life. He drank a cup of tea, however, and then went out, to avoid his mother's tender looks of anxious inquiry. He meant to tell her all one day; but to-day he was not strong enough. He must wait till he was cured; for cured he must be, cured he would be.

He now tried to give his mind to the task Amboyne had set him; but it was too hard: he gave it up, with rage and despair.

Then he made a desperate resolve, which will not surprise those who know the human heart. He would harden himself. He would see more of Miss Carden than ever; only it should be in quite a new light. He would look at her, and keep saying to himself all the time, "You are another man's wife."

With this determination, he called at "Woodbine Villa."

Miss Carden was not at home.

"Are you sure she is not at home?"

"Not at home," replied the man, stiffly.

"But you needn't to keep him at the door," said a mellow female voice.

"No, Miss," said the man, with a sudden change of manner, for he was a desperate and forlorn admirer of the last speaker. "Come in, sir." And he ushered him in to Jael Dence. She was in her bonnet, and just going out. They shook hands, and she told him Miss Carden was out walking.

"Walking with her beau?" said Henry, affecting a jaunty air, but sick within.

"That's more than I can say," replied Jael.

"You know nothing about it, of course," said Henry, roughly.

Jael looked surprised at the uncalled-for tone, and turned a mild glance of inquiry and reproach upon him.

The young man was ashamed of himself, and at that moment, too, he remembered he had already been rather ungrateful to her. So, to make amends, he said, "Didn't I promise to take you to Cairnhope?"

"Ay," said Jael; and she beamed and blushed in a moment.

"Well, I must go there, Sunday at the latest. So I will come for you, if you like. Will you be ready at ten o'clock?"

"Yes."

"I'll bring a gig, and take you like a lady."

"Any way you please. I'd as lieve walk as ride."

"I prefer riding. Ten o'clock, the day after to-morrow. Good-by."

And he hurried away, provoked, not pleased, at the manifest pleasure he had given. The woman he loved—inaccessible! The woman he only liked—he could spend the whole day with her. So the reasonable youth was cross with her for that, and for being so pleased, when he was wretched.

That feeling soon wore off, however, and, being a man of business, he wrote a line to Martha Dence, and told her he should visit her on Sunday. He added, with a gleam of good humour, "and look out, for I shall bring my lass," intending to give them all an agreeable surprise; for Jael, he knew, was an immense favourite.

Next day he went on the hills with Billy, and, instead of thinking for the benefit of his enemies, as agreed with Amboyne, he set himself to hate everybody, especially Miss Carden's lover, and the Hillsborough Unions. The grinders and file-cutters might die like sheep. What did he care? As much as they cared for him. Dr. Amboyne was too good for this world, and should keep his money to himself. He (Henry Little) would earn none of it, would take none of it. What invention he had, should all go to outwit the Trades, and turn that old ruffian's church into his own smithy. This double master-stroke, by which he was to defeat one enemy, and secretly affront another, did make him chuckle once or twice, not with joy, but with bitterness.

He awoke in a similar mood next morning: but there was eight o'clock service near, and the silver-toned bell awakened better thoughts. He dressed hurriedly, and went to church.

He came back sadder, but rather less hot, less bitter; he had his breakfast, improved his toilet, went to the livery-stable, and drove to "Woodbine Villa."

Mr. and Miss Carden had just finished breakfast, when he drove up to the door.

"Who is this?" said Mr. Carden.

"What, have you forgotten Mr. Little?"

"Indeed! Why, how he is dressed. I took him for a gentleman."

"You were not very far wrong, Papa. He is a gentleman at heart."

Jael came in, equipped for the ride. She was neatly dressed, and had a plain shepherd's-plaid shawl, that suited her noble bust. She looked a picture of health and happiness.

"If you please, Miss, he is come to take me to Cairnhope."

"Oh! it is for that! And I declare you expected him, too."

"Yes," said Jael, and blushed.

"You never told me," said Grace, with a slight touch of asperity.

"I didn't feel very sure he would keep his word."

"Then you don't know him as well as I do."

"I haven't the chance. He speaks a deal more to you than he do to me."

"Well, Jael, you needn't snub me, because you are going with Mr. Little."

As a bone, put between two friendly dogs, causes a growl, so when a handsome young man enters on the scene, I have seen young women lose a little of that unmitigated sweetness, which marked them a moment before.

With Grace, however, to snap and to repent generally followed in a breath. "I hope you will have a happy day, dear, as happy as you deserve." She then went to kiss her, but gave her cheek, instead of her lips. "There," said she, in rather a flurried way, "don't keep Mr. Little waiting."

Just as they drove off, Grace came to the window, after a slight irresolution, and kissed her hand to them enchantingly; at which a sudden flood of rapture rushed through Little's heart, and flushed his cheek, and fired his dark eye; Grace caught its flash full in hers, and instinctively retired a step. They were off.

"How bright and happy they look," said she to her father. And no wonder.

She sat down, and, somehow, she felt singularly dull and lonely.

Then she dressed for church, languidly. Then she went to church. By-and-by she came back from church.

Then she sat down, in her bonnet, and felt alone in the world, and sad; and, at last, she found herself quietly crying, as young ladies will sometimes, without any visible cause.

Then she asked herself what on earth she was crying about, and herself told her she was a little hysterical fool, and wanted a good beating.

Then she plucked up spirit, and dried her eyes. Then she took to yawning, and said Sunday was a dull day, and life itself rather a wearisome thing.

Then a servant came to inquire if she was at home.

"What, on Sunday? Of course not. Who is it?"

"Mr. Coventry, Miss."

"I am at home."

Wallenstein and His Times.

PART II.

THE example of Mansfeldt called up a crowd of partisans as reckless as himself, who furnished Maximilian of Bavaria, and his general, Tilly, with ample employment for the next four years. Beaten and dispersed in one quarter, they sprang up just as fiercely in another; transferring the seat of war from province to province, until the whole country between the Baltic and the Rhine was thoroughly weary of the belligerents and their ravages. Partly to put a stop to those ravages, and partly alarmed at the attitude assumed by the Catholic Princes, the Protestants renewed their league in good earnest, and set on foot an army of 60,000 men, under the command of the Danish King, who, as Duke of Holstein, was also a Prince of the Empire. Hitherto, Ferdinand had found sufficient occupation in reorganizing his shattered dominions, and had been compelled, therefore, to leave the direction of the war in the hands of the Bavarian Elector; and now, when he would gladly have taken a leading part therein himself, he neither had, nor was likely to have, the means for many a year to come. Yet it was absolutely necessary to be doing. Things had gone so far that, whether defeated or victorious in the coming struggle, Maximilian threatened to leave Ferdinand little more than the name of Emperor. The matter was discussed over and over by the Aulic Council, but with small effect. As a body, it had no remedy to suggest. Day after day the members met, and shook their heads, with all the gravity of Lord Burleigh. They examined the situation, enumerated the difficulties, vituperated the causes, and wound up by declaring, with disgusting iteration, that "*nothing could be done.*" And nothing would have been done had matters remained depending on the wisdom and energy of the Aulic Council. The Emperor was at his wit's end, and showed it; and then Wallenstein came forward, exactly like the benevolent fairy in the tale, and with an offer that smacked completely of fairy-land. It was—an army strong enough to bear down all opposition, and to render the Emperor as great in power as he was in name, *without costing him a single kreutzer*. There was a general shudder at the proposal, for Wallenstein had a dark repute, and his fellow-councillors at once made up their minds that he meant to marshal an army of demons at his back; or, at the very least, to rouse up Barbarossa and his warriors from their magic sleep under the castle of Kiffhausen: and neither of these were over-pleasant devices in themselves. But though Wallenstein reassured his coadjutors on these points, he had no small difficulty in

obtaining their sanction to his plan, and that simply because it was novel ; for many of these gentlemen evidently preferred ruin in the way of routine to a means of salvation that had no precedent to recommend it. Once at liberty to act, the Friedländer did not lose a moment. Out went his recruiting officers in all directions, and so well did they work that he marched from Egra for the North early in autumn, just three months after receiving his commission, at the head of 30,000 men ; and so rapidly did his army accumulate on the route, that it reached the seat of war full 50,000 strong. Wallenstein's directions were to unite and act with Tilly. But once at the head of an army, he soon showed that no will but his own would be admitted there. The forces of the King of Denmark were scattered along the right bank of the Weser, and those of Tilly disposed down the left. East of these, the Protestants of Brandenburg, Saxony, and Pomerania, had mustered their forces. Heedless of imperial injunction, Wallenstein left Tilly far to his left, and marching straight to the Elbe, seized the Bridge of Dessau, and established himself strongly on both sides of the river. This was a piece of admirable strategy. His own communications were safe, he could operate at will on either bank of the Elbe, he had cut the Protestant League in two, and he had placed himself menacingly on the flank of their two principal armies. Nor were these great advantages all that he gained by this able movement. His maxim was, that war must be made to support war, and countries as yet unwasted were thus laid open. The Danish monarch and his generals were soon aware of their peril, and that desperate fellow, Mansfeldt, determined to avert it. Gathering his brigands, 18,000 strong, he flung himself fiercely at Wallenstein's entrenchments. But fourfold numbers were marshalled skilfully within, and, after a desperate struggle, the *condottiere* was hurled back in retreat, leaving 3,000 dead on the spot. But he was not baffled yet. Rallying his cut-throats, and making good his losses—for a leader like him was never in want of recruits—he dashed down Silesia at a headlong pace. Meanwhile, that arch-intriguer, Thurn, had roused up Bethlem Gabor to another rebellion, and, more dangerous still, overspread Austria with a terrible peasant war. The Transylvanian was already in great force before Presburg, and, could Mansfeldt join his camp, Vienna, and with it the empire, would run considerable risk. But the partisan had scarcely developed his plan when Wallenstein was hard upon his track. Nothing but the danger of the capital could have tempted the latter from his vantage-ground ; indeed, he left it with much reluctance. But once in motion, Mansfeldt himself was not more fierce nor decided. That was something like a chase : tigers in front, and tigers in rear. In vain Imperial bands endeavoured to bar the fords and numerous passes, and to hold the strong places ; one after another, wily plan or fierce assault threw them into the hands of Mansfeldt, to fall, a few hours later, and in like manner, into those of Wallenstein. Oppeln, Ratibor, Jägerndorf, and Troppau, were thus captured and recaptured in quick succession. At last Mansfeldt, after a hundred fights and hairbreadth escapes,

and innumerable deeds of "derring-do," entered the camp of Bethlem Gabor; but, fortunately for the empire, not with his formidable division. That terrible march had destroyed three-fourths of its numbers, and all its confidence. Mansfeldt himself, indeed, would have been a host anywhere; but Mansfeldt was no longer himself. The fatigues of that unparalleled campaign had destroyed his feeble, hunchback body; and a spirit, however indomitable, is useless without a body. He died a few months after in Dalmatia, like the fierce old Jarl Siward, upright, and in his armour. A horde of miserable fugitives was all that entered the camp of Bethlem Gabor. Discouraged by this, the latter broke up, and retreated to his fastnesses; while the peasants, left to themselves, were put down by that thorough soldier, Papenheim, after much desperate and some doubtful fighting. Mansfeldt's threatening march had resulted in the safety of the empire. The home provinces were safer now than ever; Bethlem Gabor was disabled for a time; the great partisan being dead, there was no general left to the Protestants; and, finally, during Wallenstein's "wild chase," Tilly had met and beaten the King of Denmark at Lutter, killing 5,000 of his men, and taking all his baggage.

Wallenstein's return northward was a triumphal procession. Swelling as he advanced, his forces rose to 60,000, 70,000, 80,000 men; nor did they pause there. Nothing dared oppose him in the open field, and the few strong places that ventured to hold out were carried by merciless assault. He bore down everything in fact by sheer weight of numbers. He dictated terms to the Elector of Brandenburg. He inundated the Duchy of Mecklenburg, and the Dukes—sovereign princes—were deposed, and himself raised to that eminence in their stead. He advanced to the Baltic, proceeded to take possession of its ports, and meditated crossing to the conquest of Scandinavia. And this, audacious as it was, was the least of his projects, which by this time included the reduction of the numerous petty sovereigns to the rank of subjects, the formation of a German navy, and the expulsion of the Turks from Europe. Nor did any of these projects seem extravagant. His forces by 1628 amounted to fully 120,000 men, and they were still increasing; while, in exact proportion as he waxed strong, everybody else grew feeble; neither friend nor enemy could maintain an army in his vicinity; men and leaders deserted alike to join the great Friedländer. And well they might, for no other service since Alexander's ever offered equal advantages. In his army, even more than in that of Napoleon's, promotion went by merit; and provided that they obeyed and fought, his soldiers might do whatever else they pleased.

But let us look into the camp. There we shall find men of all professions and every land—Jews, lawyers, merchants, and scholars, as well as soldiers; everybody, indeed, but clergymen. These last are strictly prohibited: "No parsons" is one of Wallenstein's watchwords. In one corner a professor of the famous Passau art—one who renders men impervious to lead and steel—*gefrorn*, as the soldiers call it—has taken up his abode. And a lucrative craft he follows, for he is always in requi-

sition. The individual to be fortified lays down his ducats, has certain talismanic characters traced over the vital parts of his body, and receives a number of slips of paper, each inscribed with a magic rhyme. These he swallows like a pill at the approach of danger, and the charm is complete; one scroll thus disposed of rendering him invulnerable for six hours, two for twelve, and so on. There are few celebrated soldiers in the army who are not *geforn*; at least in repute, the Generalissimo himself being conspicuous among them. Nor is this a mere vulgar superstition. The very first article of the military code of Gustavus Adolphus forbids the practice under the severest penalties. Close by an astrologer of fame has established himself, and carries on as profitable a trade. Hour after hour he sits, answering queries on every possible subject—promotion, duels, gaming, mistresses; the event of an expedition, &c. &c. Not far off, but incomparably humbler in all respects, burrows a scholar, who ekes out a living by exercising his pen in the service of illiterate warriors; occasionally increasing his gains by supplying a motto for a new pair of colours, when a successful enterprise has enabled a regiment of his acquaintance to indulge in that luxury. Here a body of soldiers are disposing of their booty; chaffering with keen-looking Jews over armour, clothing, household goods, all sorts of odds and ends indeed—many of them carrying stains terribly significant of the means by which they were acquired. Close by are a number of cavaliers, busily arranging ransom with their captives. Nor are the latter all warriors. A large proportion are civilians of both sexes and all ages. There is not much haggling about the terms. Half-an-hour before a group, who could not, or would not, pay the sum demanded, was driven away, with nose and ears mutilated. A scene still stranger may be witnessed a few yards further on. A troop of marauders has just arrived, each man leading at least one female, attached by a rope to his saddle-bow. A crowd gathers round, and the slave-markets of the East are more than realized. Down in the hollow there two or three groups are engaged in mortal duel. Round the next corner we shall encounter the provost-marshal, leading half-a-dozen deserters, a couple of spies, and three or four other offenders, to their death under the nearest tree. At another turn we shall come upon a set of fellows engaged in torturing prisoners suspected of having concealed treasures. Round the head of one a cord is twined so tightly that his eyes appear starting from their sockets; and another is stretched upon the ground, while a soldier is coolly filling him with water by means of a horn fastened in his mouth. The wretch is frightfully swollen; but the torture will go on until he yields up his treasure, if he has any, or dies. And this is what was afterwards known as the “Swedish Draught.” Yonder a regiment, two or three thousand strong, is drawn up in two long lines. Each man wields his sword-belt, doubled up; and a couple of culprits, stripped to the waist, are preparing to run the gauntlet down the lines and up again. Woe to them if they happen to be unpopular. We turn up one of the avenues of tents that lead towards the centre of the camp. There are soldiers carousing,

rioting, and scouring their appointments on all sides, amid crowds of degraded women and a very Babel of noises. At once the tumult subsides to the merest hum, and every eye is averted. The General—that tall figure with the crimson mantle and long red plume—is coming; and he detests equally a noise and a searching eye. No one seems to notice him, except a reckless corporal, who pushes forward a horn half filled with brandy, and with tipsy familiarity invites the General to drink. “Hang the brute,” grunts Wallenstein, and the rascal is instantly seized. But thoroughly sober now, he breaks loose, draws his sword, and rushes at the General, fully resolved to cut him down. A dozen weapons interpose, and after a severe struggle the corporal is disarmed and again a prisoner; while an adroit hand has even already knotted a scarf round his neck and thrown the end of it over the pole of a waggon that stands tipped handily on end. A dozen arms are prepared to pull, awaiting only the General’s signal. The latter searches the offender with a look of contempt. “Now let him go,” he grumbles, when he considers that the corporal has tasted sufficiently of the bitterness of death; and the fellow makes a rapid exit. The others disperse without a word, except the man of the scarf, a square-built fellow, with a curiously notched countenance. “You led the assault at So-and-so?” The man bows. “Give him a hundred dollars,” commands Wallenstein, and passes on; but the command is scrupulously obeyed. And thus he traverses the camp, administering punishment and reward as he goes; sentencing one to be hanged, another to run the gauntlet, a third to ride the wooden horse, with a couple of muskets at each foot, and distributing dollars and promotion just as liberally.

Let us follow him to his tent. His great standard is planted before it—the goddess Fortune, emblazoned in gold on a green field. Mark the sentries: they pace up and down like spectres. Neither clanging swords nor jingling spurs are permitted here: the one is wrapped in the soldier’s scarf, the other twined round with cord. An officer approaches, and, with the usual averted eye, makes his report: such a fort has been captured by the enemy. “Sir,” replies the General, “the Supreme Being could not take that fort.” And a subsequent despatch justifies the confidence thus singularly expressed. Business despatched, Wallenstein enters an inner tent. There sits a man with a fame as wide and lasting as his own. It is Kepler, the General’s mathematician (courtly slang for astrologer), with all the paraphernalia of his art about him. The next hour is given to the stars. But though Wallenstein be a dupe, he is not a very tractable one. Every calculation of the astrologer is checked by one of his own, and the slightest discrepancy leads to a controversy, which ends as such things always end when the parties are a dependant and an obstinate master. Kepler’s position is not a very easy one. But he has a fine establishment and a large salary; and, better still, the latter is paid to the day,—a thing that does not always happen at court, as Kepler himself experienced when he served an emperor.

A messenger arrives from court: it is his friend Questenbergh. They

are mutually serviceable to one another. There is important public business to be discussed. But their private affairs obtain the *pas*. Court intrigues, friends and enemies, those who have been bribed and those who must be bribed, are considered, and their line of action reviewed and modified as circumstances suggest. Then the public matters are noticed, principally complaints. "The princes complain you treat friend and foe alike; your armies are excessive, your exactions ruinous." "The princes wear long mantles; I have clipped them a little, and mean to clip them more: Germany needs no Spanish *grandees*—one Emperor is *and shall be enough*." "The Jesuits complain you employ Protestants largely, reward them, promote them." "Victory and death are of no religion." "The Pope, too, complains." "Hum—it's a hundred years since Rome was sacked, and it must be richer now than ever." "His Majesty of Sweden meditates making war in Germany." "Let him come. I will whip him home with a birch-rod like a school-boy." Then comes the old grievance and the old remedy—the Emperor wants money: and Wallenstein makes another of these advances, that amount in the aggregate to 3,000,000 of florins.

And so Wallenstein and his army went on, carrying all before them indeed, but levying contributions to the amount of 5,000,000*l.* a year, and booty beyond calculation; and ruining province after province; that one being esteemed fortunate wherein the population had fallen only one half. In some districts not a human habitation, not a living thing was left. In one large one just three women remained after Wallenstein's army had marched through; and in several the peasants were driven in their extremity to that hideous resource—cannibalism. But what cared Wallenstein? The more the country suffered, the more his army multiplied, for the camp was the refuge of the ruined. And with his army grew his fortunes. He was the lord of provinces rather than estates,—he was baron, count, duke, prince; and finally, in 1628, "General of the Baltic and Oceanic Seas." And his repute extended still further: invincible, invulnerable, the master of fortune, the ally of the powers of darkness; the man who read the future like a book. Warriors rejoiced in such a chief, while all good Catholics shuddered and crossed themselves when this human phenomenon swept by. But neither Catholic nor Protestant could stand this much longer. Beyond the camp every one was his enemy; and the multitude waited only an opportunity to assail him. That was supplied by his failure before Stralsund, and the Diet assembled at Ratisbon in 1630, amid the universal shout—"Down with Wallenstein!"

Thither trooped the princes, making a miserable show in comparison with former days; thither came the Imperial Court, more powerful than for many a year; and thither, with 600 gentlemen splendidly appointed in his train, a king among kings, rode "that insupportable dictator and oppressor of princes"—Wallenstein. Thither, too, came the various ambassadors of Europe; and most conspicuous of all, though wrapped in his humble capuchin, that subtle friar, who was described as having "no

soul, but only pools and shoals, on which every one must strand who entered into negotiations with him,"—"Richelieu's right arm,"—Father Joseph. For the great Cardinal, having just subdued the Huguenots, was now prepared to extend the same good measure to the House of Habsburg; and, as the first serious step in that direction, he was determined to ruin "the upstart." This was a point on which nearly everybody was agreed, German and foreigner, Protestant and Catholic. But it was easier said than done. For Wallenstein had his spies everywhere, and the court willing, was fully prepared to counterwork his foes at home and abroad, in his own bold and sweeping style. One hundred thousand men were disposed along the French frontier, and everything arranged for a march on Paris. Nor was there anything in France capable of resisting such a host,—veterans every one,—and under the best leaders of the day. As for the princes, his plan was short and simple, but promised to be very effective. Thirty thousand men were arranged to act in flying columns—seizing the minor capitals and quelling all opposition, while 20,000 more, under the Friedländer himself, should beset the Diet, and *slay the princes to the last man*. Great as was the crime, Ferdinand hesitated. And well he might, for the temptation was all but irresistible—nothing less than universal empire. Such a stroke would place Germany unreservedly in his hand; and what might not be achieved by the might of Germany concentrated under such a chief as Wallenstein? Ferdinand wavered. As for the Tempter, the word "crime" had long been expunged from his vocabulary. He could see nothing but the splendid future,—his master a despot, himself mayor of the palace; his Germany—for he was a patriot in his way—such a power as it ought to be: the slices of Fatherland filched by the lurking, meddling Gaul, during centuries of internal dissension, wrenched back by one bold effort: a German fleet on every ocean; a German colony in each new land; German arms restoring the cross to the shores of the Mediterranean; and German supremacy acknowledged everywhere. His army was devoted to him: there was absolutely nothing to withhold its resistless rush. Let but the Emperor give the signal and the thing was done. But the signal never came. Ferdinand was not the man to "cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war," on such a scale. And, besides, everybody was urging him in the opposite direction—his family, his confessor, the princes, the ambassadors, the very Pope himself. Just at the crisis, when the struggle in the Imperial mind raged highest, Wallenstein withdrew to his head-quarters at Meiningen, and then Ferdinand gave way, slowly and reluctantly indeed, but decisively. On the 4th of July, 1630, he signed the warrant of dismissal. But who was to communicate it to the dreaded soldier? and, above all, who was to enforce it, if, as was only too probable, he refused to obey? Until these things were settled, the situation of the Diet, the anxiety of its members, and the tension of popular expectation, may be imagined but not described.

But Wallenstein did not intend to resist—why, no one can presume to

guess. Astrology swayed him indeed ; but it was only when circumstances refused to speak for themselves. And, besides, it was his interest in those superstitious times to attribute the results of keen calculation and iron will as much as possible to the influence of the stars, to teach men to regard and therefore revere and dread him as the man of Destiny. He used the science to deceive his contemporaries rather than himself. And, master of the situation as he now was, Wallenstein was not exactly the man to falter in his course out of deference to the planets. His friends, Werdenberg and Questenberg, were the only men who dared approach him with the momentous document : for they had not merely withstood the princes, but, as Wallenstein well knew, advocated his great plans by every argument in their power. And as trusty friends he received them. But they had no need to utter a single word. Scarcely were they seated, when he took some papers from the table. "These sheets," said he, "contain the nativities of the Emperor and of the Elector of Bavaria. The stars declare that the demon of the Elector predominates for the present, *and I obey the stars.*" He retired to his Duchy of Friedland. Mecklenburg was restored to its rightful owners. But he lost nothing except the dignity. The Emperor, who seems to have been really grateful to his magnificent servant, more than made up any loss of revenue by further grants. As to the army, it had reason to regret the loss of its leader. Half was turned over to Tilly, and the other half disbanded. But such a life as they led in the camp of Wallenstein had unfitted them for peaceful avocation, and before the year was out, nearly every man of them had joined Gustavus Adolphus. And thus the Diet of Ratisbon provided that formidable captain with those trained and seasoned warriors who marched in two campaigns from the Baltic to the Rhine ; marking every halt-place by the way with a startling victory.

Wallenstein retired to his estates, and, if appearances were to be trusted, not a moment too soon. His appetite was disordered ; he could not sleep, and his steps needed a staff. A cardinal in such a plight would have been the favourite candidate for the next pontifical vacancy. But never did the most vigorous prime put forth such astonishing energy as this debilitated man. He grasped at once the whole management of his enormous property ; redistributed his investments, built new towns, and colonized waste lands. He employed an army of workmen on a dozen palaces at once, and revolutionized his already splendid establishment in still more splendid style. And besides, his political agents were hurrying in all directions to carry out a hundred schemes : to court, where, under cover of seeking to have his duchies erected into sovereignties, he intrigued with the Ministers ; to the neighbouring princes, with whom he treated on equal terms and with many views ; to the Danish King, with whom he negotiated in the Emperor's name ; and, finally, Count Thurn went to and fro, in many disguises and through a hundred perils, between this singular invalid and Gustavus Adolphus !

We have often thought that the old Greek myth—Prometheus bound

to his rock—was intended for a Wallenstein in retirement. He could lay down his command, but not his master passions. And these, ambition, and, of late, revenge, were absolutely devouring him. In spite of the hundred occupations into which he plunged with such startling energy, they found ample time to assail and involve him in a world of intrigue. And now, in conjunction with his one strange superstition, they had impelled him to this last worst step. Once more he had betaken himself, and with more than youthful fervour, to the phantasms of astrology. Yet not unnaturally. Anxiety to read the future is the weakness of ardent temperaments, the failing of those who greatly dare. Not much, indeed, in prosperity; then they seldom believe in more than energy and intellect. But before success, and after—in the intensity of early aspiration, and still more in the passionate longing for the Resurgam—a Lenormand or a Seni may sway these far-reaching spirits like so many school-girls. Two coincidences, striking enough to those given to note such things, had drawn Wallenstein's attention to Gustavus Adolphus. On the 4th of July, 1630, that monarch first set foot in Germany, and on the 2nd of October he laid siege to Rostock, the principal town of Wallenstein's lost sovereignty, Mecklenburg: the first being the very day on which the dismissal of the Friedländer had been signed, and the second that on which he had laid down his command. This was quite enough to originate the notion that his fate was bound up with that of the Swedish King; and of course he soon found ample confirmation for it among the stars.

"Give me fifteen thousand men," said he to Gustavus, by the mouth of Thurn; "I will raise as many more at my own expense; and with this force I engage to wrest Bohemia and Moravia from the Emperor—nay, more, to drive him out of Germany. In recompence I merely ask the restoration of my duchy and the sovereignty of such lands as I may conquer." But Gustavus was not the man to countenance a Wallenstein. The former was too ambitious and far-reaching himself to tolerate a coadjutor of similar disposition; and, though he took good care not to irritate the Friedländer by a harsh reply, he was equally careful that nothing should come of the proposal. But there were other means of gaining an army open to Wallenstein; and, now that the first plunge had been made into treason, he found little difficulty in taking a full bath. To work, then, he went with the Protestant princes and the Court of France, holding out to the former the prospect of a German party independent of Emperor and Swede, and equally formidable to both; and to the latter the humiliation of the House of Habsburg—possibly the partition of its possessions, but certainly the establishment of a permanent check on its pretensions by his own coronation as King of Bohemia. Negotiations like these could not be matured in a day. Meanwhile events were progressing with lightning-like speed to place him—without an effort of his own, indeed, in spite of himself—in a prouder position than that he had resigned.

Wallenstein had left the Emperor, with 200,000 men in arms, supreme

from the Alps to the Baltic. In twelve short months that great force had been hurled back over one great river after another, its numbers dwindling at every stride by battle, pestilence, and desertion, until not a third of it now remained, cowering timidly behind the Danube, its last line of defence. The "Ice-King's" forces had accumulated the while like a rolling snow-ball. From 14,000 men they had swollen to ten times that number. Stretching from Poland to France, one wing swept the Palatinate and the other Silesia, while the Saxon contingent was preparing to carry the war into Bohemia; and nothing could stand before them. The new military system introduced by the Swedish King had proved an immense success. The old-fashioned clumsy battalions, with their complicated manœuvres and cumbrous arms, gave way everywhere before the handy brigades, simple movements, and improved weapons of Gustavus. Even Tilly himself—over-matched, out-generalled, and beaten in one fierce fight—confessed plainly that he knew not what to do against them. So far as he and his army were concerned, a great catastrophe was evidently impending. And all this Wallenstein beheld with grim satisfaction; but his friends at court failed not to improve the crisis to his advantage and their own. Nor were their voices unsupported. Public opinion, or what was then and there so esteemed,—the opinion of the ruling caste,—had veered round with events. And now—the sovereign princes aside—the universal cry was "Wallenstein."

The Saxons entered Bohemia towards the end of October, and advanced on Prague. Maradas, the governor, lost his head. He consulted Wallenstein. "Sir," said the latter, with cool indifference, "I hold no command here, and cannot presume to direct you." At the same time, foreseeing the event, he despatched his Duchess and his valuables to Vienna, in charge of his cousin, and retired himself to his castle of Gitschin. Prague fell, without resistance, on the 6th of November, and with it the greater portion of the country. This decided the court. There was no choice now between absolute ruin and the recall of the Friedländer. The Bavarian and Spanish factions detested him; and, more than either, the Jesuits. They knew the ambition of the man, his limitless daring, his relentless nature, and were not without some inkling of his mighty projects; but they knew also that none but he could aid them. So they made up their minds to submit for the present, comforting themselves with the reflection that they could still command the same excellent means of restraining a dangerous spirit which had served them, and others similarly situated, so well heretofore in the cases of Martinuzzi, the Guises, William of Orange, and Henri Quatre.

Scarcely had Maximilian Wallenstein reached Vienna when he was hurried back to Gitschin with an autograph letter from the Emperor to his mighty kinsman. "Do not go out of the way of my distress," supplicated this epistle. "Do not abandon me in my great need." But the reply of Wallenstein was as cold and indifferent as if he felt not the slightest interest in the matter. Hard upon the heels of the first

messenger came Questenberg and Werdenberg. The Friedländer received them even more coldly than the Imperial letter. He expatiated on the sweets of retirement; he expressed himself *deeply* grateful to those excellent people who had been the means of introducing him to these blessings. Glory was a phantom, popularity evanescent, royal favour precarious. He, at least, had done with these things for ever. Next came the Prime Minister Eggenberg; and then—after days of intercession and argument, grovelling and promising—the court could obtain no more than this:—Wallenstein would consent to serve the Emperor for three months. But not a moment longer. He would raise an army once more. That effected, who would might command it. Assuredly he would not.

On the 22nd of January, 1632, out came Wallenstein's proclamation, addressed to all good Germans in the first place; to all true soldiers in the second; and, in the third, "to all deserters and dissatisfied commanders." The summons was as characteristic as one of Napoleon's, and even more effective. Znaym was designated as the rendezvous, and thither came the daring and ambitious of every creed and clime: Lutherans, Calvinists and Catholics, Walloons, Croats, Cossacks, Italians and Britons—for Wallenstein made no distinction between nationalities and sects; and with him every man was sure of his desert. Gallas, Altringer, and Piccolomini—all his choicest captains—abandoned Tilly; half the Saxon army deserted within three weeks; and these good soldiers who had abandoned the camp on Wallenstein's retirement, along with a host of fresh and gallant spirits, hastened to invest their all in horses, arms, and followers, for they knew right well that under such a chief the return would be a hundredfold. It was a common thing for captains, when beating up for recruits, to enter the cottage of a likely man, and, placing a purse and a halter on the table, give him his choice.

Other efforts were necessary to supplement those of Wallenstein and his admirers, and these were not wanting. The Jesuits raised five regiments. Spain and Italy supplied ducats. The wealthy churchmen and the great nobles gave magnificently: Cardinal Dietrichstein put down 20,000*l.* and Prince Eggenberg 50,000*l.* Heavy imposts, too, were laid on—the very maid-servants having to pay a poll-tax of fifteen kreutzers. And, finally, the Pope added the colophon, in the shape of an unlimited contribution of prayers and processions.

So successful were these measures that in six weeks 20,000 men were assembled round the Friedländer's standard—the golden Fortune on the emerald field; and by the 1st of April the number had swollen to 50,000. Then Wallenstein laid down his command, and the court was about to indulge in much rejoicing. But, to its dismay, it soon found that Wallenstein was as indispensable to keep the army together as he had been to raise it. Neither soldier nor officer would follow any other, and the whole host was on the point of breaking up in a temper that boded no good to the empire. Of course there was another bitter negotiation and more grovelling before the court. The great chief insisted on

unexampled terms. But the battle of the Lech was fought and lost, and Tilly mortally wounded, on the 5th of April; and the moment the news was confirmed everything was yielded,—the command “in absolutissima forma:” “I would not serve as lieutenant under the Supreme Being Himself,” said Wallenstein—power also to deal with rebels as he pleased; the guarantee of investiture with one of the hereditary provinces; and the lordship of all the lands he might conquer. And then the march began as the camp-song put it:—

The torch all aflame and the lance in its rest,
Where duty and booty impel us we speed;
To the North—to the South—to the East—to the West—
As the Devil may drive, or the Friedländer lead.

In two months more Bohemia was reconquered. The Bavarian Elector joined Wallenstein, with the remnant of his army, at Egra, on the 26th of June. Historians give a singular picture of the meeting. There was, of course, a ceremonious reconciliation between them in the presence of both armies; but every man there knew right well that, so far as the Elector was concerned, humiliation, and not reconciliation, was the word. The rivals embraced, and exchanged expressions of amity and esteem. His insolent demeanour then, and his boasts immediately afterwards, exposed the vulgar relish with which the Friedländer enjoyed his triumph. As for Maximilian, he maintained the same unruffled courtly ease as if he moved in the centre of a festival—not once, even in private, naming the Friedländer except with the respect due to his rank and ability. Never did the high-bred gentleman contrast more advantageously with the upstart.

Maximilian would fain have persuaded his coadjutor to march against Gustavus, who was carrying all before him in Bavaria; but Wallenstein, who searched the situation with a truer eye for war, saw his advantage otherwise. His rear was secure, his army was now effective, and the Swedes were dispersed from one extremity of Germany to the other. So, dashing out from Egra towards Nuremberg, he interposed a wall of iron between the scattered detachments of the foe. Gustavus took the alarm at once. And well he might—for a hundred disasters impended in that move—divisions cut off, supplies intercepted, and allies wrenched away among them. Gathering in hot haste the corps under his own immediate command, some 18,000 strong, he hurried at racing speed towards the threatened city. Everything depended on who should reach it first; but 18,000 men are moved more readily than 60,000; and, besides, the Imperialists were never capable of these impetuous marches. Gustavus, too, was a thorough Norseman, who rushed to battle over torrent and mountain just as his ancestors used to sweep across “the path of swans.” And when Wallenstein came up, on the 30th of June, with his mighty host, and still mightier following—including not less than 20,000 women—he found his antagonist strongly entrenched before Nuremberg. The Friedländer did not attack. His was the last army of the empire, and he was well aware of the tactical superiority of the Swedes, and especially of their

spirit and the spirit of their King. He could not even risk a repulse. So he kept his post steadily while corps after corps, relaxing their grip of the conquered lands, marched into the leaguered camp, until at length the Swedes mustered more, by 10,000 men, than he did himself. Thus, without striking a single stroke, by sheer dint of superior strategy, Wallenstein had cleared Bavaria, and several other provinces, more effectually than he could have done by three campaigns of successful fighting. Nor did he now withdraw. Seizing a position in the neighbourhood, he fortified it strongly, and held it patiently, until the country round was ruined. Pestilence and famine began to devastate the camps, and the men died by hundreds a day. Wallenstein was inflexible. They might "rot," he declared, to the last man, provided he retained his advantage. But the Swede was of another temper; and though he could hurl his warriors to die by tens of thousands on a stricken field, he could not bear to see them waste away like this. So, mustering all that remained, he made a desperate assault on the Friedländer's position. Attack followed attack for eight long hours without the smallest advantage. At last, as fell the night, he drew back with heavy loss; and, finding it impossible to subsist longer in the neighbourhood, he garrisoned the city, and marched westward on the 8th of September with greatly diminished ranks. This was the first serious check that Gustavus ever experienced.

Wallenstein had suffered at least as severely—losing nearly half his force, and, on the 12th September, he too broke up. But not to follow the Swedes. The Bavarian Elector stormed, supplicated, threatened, and finally detached himself with his troops; but Wallenstein kept unmoved to Saxony. Flying columns under Papenheim, Gallas, Holk, and Merode, preceded the march, and penetrated up to the gates of Dresden, perpetrating unheard-of atrocities, and reducing the beautiful country to a desert. Meanwhile Gustavus was back in Bavaria, preparing to carry the war into Austria itself, where the peasants were once again in fierce revolt. But news soon reached him of Wallenstein's doings, and compelled him to abandon his projects; for to linger would have been to lose the Saxons, and no advantage gained in Austria could counterbalance that. On the 7th of October he marched from Bavaria. On the 15th he was back again at Nuremberg, and, on the 28th, he reviewed his troops at Erfurt, in the heart of Saxony. Wallenstein heard of his approach as he lay at Leipzie, and instantly despatched Papenheim and his dragoons to seize the important post of Naumburg. But so rapidly did the Swedes come on, that they reached it first.

The situation was now a critical one for both parties. The Imperialists lay in and around Leipzie, right between Gustavus at Naumburg, twenty-five miles to the south-west; the Elector of Saxony and his army at Torgau, the same distance to the north-east; and the Duke of Luenburg, who, on his way to reinforce the Swedes with his division, had reached Wittenberg, forty miles to the north. Wallenstein was just in the position that Napoleon would have loved. Three quick and heavy strokes was all

that was needed on his part to close the war. But, admirable strategist as he was, rapid to seize the decisive points of a campaign, and tenacious to hold them, the traditions and usages of the school in which he had been trained hung heavily about him. The German winter, too, had already set in, and so, forgetting that times and seasons were alike to his antagonist, he determined to go into quarters. With this view he detached Papenheim and his division to make their way into Westphalia, and prepared to settle down himself where he was with some 12,000 or 14,000 men.

Papenheim set out on the 4th of November (O. S.), and Gustavus heard of it directly. The latter was then manœuvring to the south of Leipzig with a view to his junction with the Duke of Luenburg, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Grimma; but this purpose he abandoned at once. He knew Wallenstein's strength to a man, and he himself had 20,000 excellent soldiers well in hand,—a superiority of not less than 7,000 men. Every hour, indeed, would increase his advantage—widening the distance between Papenheim and his chief on the one side, and bringing up his own reinforcements on the other. But every hour, too, would enable Wallenstein to seize and strengthen one of those formidable positions which he knew so well how to choose. And this great consideration, in conjunction with the Norseman's thirst for battle, decided Gustavus to fight at once.

It is not now our intention to go into the deeply interesting details of that fearful day. Not that we are satisfied with them as they are told; but the renown, and therefore the story, belongs to another. Still it was a noble thing to maintain such a field doubtful to the last, with 12,000 men against full 20,000. And though Wallenstein made no great figure in the action, he merits no little praise for choosing such valiant captains and infusing such stubborn spirit into his columns.

Lutzen was lost. But lost as it was, that battle saved the empire, and from Wallenstein no less than from Gustavus. Now that the terrible Swede was dead, the equally terrible Friedländer ceased to be indispensable, and he knew it. From that hour forth began a struggle for life and death between the warrior and the court—each plotting to destroy as the only means of escaping destruction. But at the outset Wallenstein had the advantage. He was too strong in the devotion of his army to be openly assailed. Scanning the political expanse with a glance as sure as that which he brought to bear on the operations of war, he counselled the Emperor to magnanimity; but nobody at Vienna was prepared to be magnanimous. The court was not ready to redeem its pledges to the General; the courtiers were not ready to give up their share of the confiscation; and the bigots were not ready to abandon their intolerance. And so the war went on.

Baffled in this effort to harmonize his own interests with those of the empire, Wallenstein resumed the plottings of his retirement; but he was no longer so impenetrable as of old. True, he never committed himself in writing, and employed only the trustiest agents—men devoted heart and soul to his interests, because these were altogether their own. But

in anticipation of the conflict, the court this time had taken care to surround him with men devoted to itself—skilful warriors, able negotiators, utterly devoid of conscience—men who bowed and flattered and truckled to the haughty Friedländer, until he trusted them like brothers. Gallas, Altringer, and Piccolomini, all these generals who had joined him from the eminently loyal and Catholic army of Tilly, were the agents of the court, and under their supervision a profound system of espionage was organized and maintained around the General. The very confessional was brought into requisition, and more than one unscrupulous monk gained a mitre by betraying its secrets. Wallenstein's movements were watched by a hundred eyes, and his agents were dogged step by step to the various courts and back again. These men were beyond the reach of bribery indeed, and they never carried despatches. But the fact of treasonable negotiations was clearly established, and that was much; and foreign potentates, being less skilful than Wallenstein in selecting their ministers, and incomparably less successful in securing their fidelity, something of the drift of these negotiations was soon elicited. Ferdinand charged his General with these treaties. "Yes," said Wallenstein, unblushingly, "I treat, but it is wholly in your interest." And revealing as much of the matter as suited him for the time, he continued the game.

But if he negotiated, it was always sword in hand. A few months had made good the losses of Lutzen. His army, through the whole of 1633, continued the most numerous and the best appointed in the field. He kept it comparatively idle, indeed, while the other belligerents wore themselves out in the strife. But now and then he made a dashing march, and dealt a heavy blow with all his ancient skill and vigour. In this way he confounded his enemies at court, kept his battalions from rusting, and showed unmistakably to all whom it might concern that he was still the same terrible Wallenstein as ever. Three armies entered Silesia together. Wallenstein marched thither and barred their path. He negotiated with the leaders, and through them with their principals. But finding the negotiations hang fire, he let his columns loose; separated and deceived his several foes by strategy so refined as barely to escape the imputation of treachery; captured a whole division of Swedes; and then sweeping forward in one of his old torrent-like rushes, he thrust one division far into Brandenburg, and led another himself across Saxony, seizing and garrisoning the strongholds in his path. Thus time went on. The end of 1633 approached, and with it the consummation of all his plottings. France had long been gained, Saxon and Prussian would follow the lead of Oxenstiern, and the last heavy strokes—showing clearly what Wallenstein could accomplish for the Emperor, did it please him to put on the lion—had bent the cautious Swede at last to his proposals. Keeping a stern hold of the places he had won, the Friedländer gathered the army back into Bohemia towards the end of November, and dispersed it in quarters until the opening spring should rouse it to the campaign that was to ruin the House of Habsburg and place a crown upon his head.

But the court had not been idle. Every man in his ranks, from the general to the merest sentinel, had been profoundly studied, and thousands had been corrupted: the honest and honourable, by playing upon their patriotism, their loyalty, and their religious feelings; the vain-glorious, by titles and promotion; and the sordid, by the splendid prizes which the approaching ruin would afford. Nor was Wallenstein, on his side, chary of gift and promise. Always open-handed, he was now more liberal than ever; and his promises were as limitless as his expectations. These things had served him to a marvel on former occasions, and he had not the smallest fear that they would fail him now. The hour of action was about to strike. All was ready without, nothing remained but to test the fidelity of his officers. To this end the Generals were assembled at Pilsen, his head-quarters, on the 12th of January, 1634. That evening, Illo, one of Wallenstein's three confidants, gave a banquet, and every man was there. When the guests were warm with wine, the announcement so powerful two years before was repeated. Wallenstein, declared Illo, had determined to resign. The Italians and Spaniards who crowded the court had driven him to take this step. No native German could serve his country under such men. For his own part, the speaker avowed himself not merely indignant, but furious—as he ought to be—at these foreign factions: furious for the sake of his country, thus again exposed to ruin; for the sake of their benefactor, thus repayed for his great sacrifices and unparalleled services; and, finally, for the loss of those great sums which he, Illo, like so many others, had invested, or, as it appeared, thrown away in these wars. Terski, and one or two others, emulated Illo's eloquence; and the traitors, of whom many were present, were compelled to chime in. A deputation was instantly chosen and despatched to entreat the great chief not to abandon his children; and the great chief reluctantly consented to remain at the head of his happy family. Then followed the signing of that document which pledged them to serve Wallenstein to the last gasp, and to pursue his enemies to the death. There was a hitch or two, indeed, in connection with this affair; but these were slurred over sufficiently to satisfy the party chiefly concerned. Then and there Wallenstein issued his final orders for the concentration of the army at Prague by the 24th of February, and dismissed the Generals to their several commands.

Piccolomini's messenger sped to court with the tidings of these proceedings, and the moment he arrived the Council assembled. But not to deliberate on the crisis or contrive the measures to meet it. All this had been provided for long before. The principal business on this occasion seems to have been to settle the doom of the culprit, and several valuable hours were wasted in discussing it. At last the Spanish Ambassador cut short the unprofitable talk. "Why all this bother," said he, "about a trifle, that a stab or a shot will so easily settle at any moment." The decrees and orders so long prepared were then issued to those entrusted with their execution, Gallas and Piccolomini—Altringer being then on his way to Vienna; and the Council adjourned. These decrees, dated

January 24th, removed Wallenstein from his command, placed himself and his confidants beyond the pale of the law, and entrusted the direction of the army to Gallas. But for full three weeks longer Ferdinand continued to write to Wallenstein in the usual strain, addressing him as "Illustrious," "Dear," "Uncle" and "Friend," "Prince," and so forth.

And Piccolomini admirably seconded the Emperor in blinding the doomed chief. A liking, originated by some casual coincidences as to birth, &c., had been deepened by the more than Italian duplicity of the object, until, towards the close of his career, the Friedländer had come to regard Piccolomini as a sort of second self. He trusted him implicitly, and kept him always about him. And the Italian made use of his position to withhold every messenger and despatch likely to alarm him from the General's notice. It was a dangerous game, and required courage and dexterity and watchfulness not less consummate than treachery itself; for the slightest bungling or relaxation must have resulted in discovery and a terrible death. Such a part, so well played, in a worthy cause, would have won the man an heroic reputation. Meanwhile his confederates were busy seducing the army, and by the 13th of February they found themselves strong enough to seize Budweis, Tabor, and Prague in the Emperor's name. The news of this released Piccolomini from his perilous duty, and his flight roused Wallenstein at last. But, utterly unaware of the events of the last three weeks, the General was not less confident than wrathful. He resented the Italian's treachery; deeply resented it; but he did not dread it. He was ready to strike. This event, far from deranging his plans, merely precipitated them by a few hours; and his march would follow too close on the disclosure for the court to profit much—at least so he thought. Terski was directed to start at once and secure Prague; and similar measures were taken with respect to the other fortresses. Messengers also were sped off, some to hasten up the Swedes, and others to remove the troops that barred the passes in their way, or to apprise distant and trusty friends that rebellion had begun. But in a few short hours Terski and others were back again at Pilsen with terrible intelligence. The fortresses were already secured for the Emperor. Gallas had interposed with a strong force between Pilsen and Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar at Ratisbon; Piccolomini was speeding up from Linz with a brigade to seize the persons of the traitors—for as such an Imperial proclamation had by this time denounced the Friedländer and his confidants; and, last and worst intelligence of all, the troops at hand were deserting by wholesale! Any moment might bring the Italian, and the vengeance that he marched with, upon them. So there was no resource but flight.

They fled, and fast. Mustering a few regiments, they took the route to Egra—the only one now open—despatching courier after courier, thirteen in all, as they hurried along, to apprise Duke Bernard of their situation, and entreat assistance. Their escort consisted of 200 foot and ten troops of dragoons; but five of the latter deserted as they issued from

the town. Close to their first stage, Mies, a town that belonged to Illo, they met Colonel Walter Butler and his regiment of dragoons, on the march from Kladrup to Pilsen, in accordance with the orders of Wallenstein, who meant thus to clear the way before the Swedes on all sides. Butler and his squadrons were pressed into the service of the fugitive chief. Lest the men should desert, they were compelled to march in front; whilst Wallenstein endeavoured to gain their chief by unwonted attentions and golden promises. But Butler was deep in the secrets of the court, and on reaching Plan—the second stage of that strange journey—he managed to despatch Father Taafe, his chaplain, with a letter to Gallas or Piccolomini, whichever he happened to meet first, signifying that the writer was compelled to accompany Wallenstein against his will; but adding the significant postscript, that perhaps Providence thus intended to give him an opportunity to do a deed that should “gild his humble name.” At Plan they met Major Leslie, who had been sent to meet them by Colonel Gordon, the commandant of Egra. This last town they reached on the afternoon of Friday, the 24th of February. That night, Gordon, Leslie, and Butler met secretly in the citadel, arranged their plans, and swore on a *sword-blade* to remove Wallenstein. The next day, at noon, Terski gave an entertainment, and Gordon returned it by another at night, in the citadel. Thither came Leslie, Butler, and Gordon, on the one side, and Illo, Kinski, Terski, and a certain Captain Neuman, on the other. They were very merry, and four of them very rebellious; Neuman especially boasting that he would soon wash his hands in Habsburg blood. Nine o'clock struck, and at the stroke a messenger entered with a despatch, pretended to have been intercepted. It seemed to bear the signature of the Elector of Saxony, and discussed, with small favour, Wallenstein's projects. Gordon read it, and handed it to his companions. When all had perused it, they proceeded to discuss it. To do this with the greater freedom, Gordon stood up, and ordered the servants to leave the room. He had scarcely spoken when a door opened on each side of the hall, and in poured two armed bands. “Prosperity to the House of Austria,” exclaimed Captain Geraldine, the leader of one party. “Who is for the Emperor? who is for the Emperor?” shouted Captains Macdonald and Devereux, at the head of the other. “Long live Ferdinand!” exclaimed Butler, Gordon, and Leslie, drawing their swords; and, snatching each a candle from the table, they ranged themselves by the wall, to light the murderers to their work. The latter—some forty strong—rushed upon their victims, overturning the table as they came on. Kinski died in an instant; and Illo, hampered by the table, made but a faint resistance. But Terski, a renowned swordsman, offered a desperate defence. Setting his back against the wall, the assailants, one after another, fell before his thrusts, while his good buff coat turned every one of theirs aside. “He is *gefrorn!*” exclaimed the assassins, drawing back at length; and, as they did so, some one among them flung a heavy candlestick at his head, and brought him to the floor,

where he was despatched by a dagger-thrust through the eye. Neuman, slightly wounded at the commencement of the affray, attempted to escape by a desperate leap through a window, but was intercepted in the courtyard, and killed there. The dragoons stripped the bodies, which were then locked up in the bloody hall, until the work was completed. Nor was there any delay over that. Gordon remained to guard the citadel, Leslie went to the principal alarm-post, and Butler, accompanied by Devereux and his trusty band, betook himself to Wallenstein's quarters—the Burgomaster's house, which still remains at the east end of the market-place. It was a dark, dismal, rainy night, and the distant shrieks of Kinski's and Terski's widows, just then apprised of their husbands' death, came by fits and starts upon the blast, causing more than one of Butler's men to shudder as they were posted about the house. Devereux, who was to strike the stroke, took twelve dragoons and stole round to the back-door. This he forced with a dexterity which spoke well for his acquaintance with the burglar's craft. Leaving six of his men at the door, and accompanied by the other six, he crept quietly up the stairs, and along the corridor, to Wallenstein's chamber, over the front entrance. There he met the valet, who had just taken the Duke his usual sleeping-draught, a tankard of beer. "Hush!" said the valet, placing his finger on his lip, and pointing to the door. "The key, the key!" growled Devereux, with an oath; and, as the key was not instantly forthcoming, he drove his sword through the servant, who fell with the weapon in his body. Snatching a partisan from one of his followers, Devereux put his shoulder to the door, and burst it open. There, right before him, stood Wallenstein, in his shirt, leaning against a table. "Die, rogue—die!" yelled the Irishman, lowering his weapon. No word escaped the Friedländer, no shiver shook him, nor did he draw back an inch. Looking the murderer straight in the face, he opened wide his arms to the thrust, and fell without a groan.

Scores upon scores of his confederates met a similar fate. Piccolomini hanged twenty-four of his colonels at once at Pilsen; and thus the conspiracy was crushed out. Wallenstein's immense estates enriched his destroyers. Each of the Generals received a large share, Piccolomini the largest, though for a while he was much blamed at court for plundering Wallenstein's treasury at Pilsen very much like a brigand. The actual butchers were liberally rewarded—Butler and Leslie in particular being enriched and ennobled.

Idolatry.

In reading the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, I have always turned with particular pleasure to the passage which describes how, on approaching the Muscovite dominions during his great overland journey from China, he had the curiosity at one village to go and see the native way of living, "which is most brutish and insufferable." These degraded beings worshipped an idol of wood, with ears like goats'-horns, eyes as big as a crown-piece, a nose like a crooked ram's-horn, and a mouth like that of a lion, with horrible teeth, hooked like a parrot's under-bill. This monster was "dressed in the filthiest manner you can suppose," and excited in the worthy captain's breast that intense disgust which we generally feel for other people's objects of worship. Whereupon, having spoken to his friends, and provided aqua-vitæ, gunpowder, and "a good quantity of tar in a little pot," Mr. Crusoe and his party surprised the priests by night, gagged and bound them, and then, having plastered over the idol with combustibles, set fire to him, and reduced him to a mere "block or log of wood." For this insult to the great Chim-Chi-Thaungu—so the "monstrous creature" was called,—Crusoe and his friends were as nearly as possible massacred, and, indeed, escaped only by an ingenious stratagem. Whether a new Chim-Chi-Thaungu was rigged up after the same filthy manner, and what was the effect upon the brutish and insufferable way of living of the people, is left to our imagination.

I imagine that in these comparatively tolerant times, Crusoe's action would be considered as decidedly wrong; but I confess that whenever I see a Chim-Chi-Thaungu in these islands,—and there are a good many of them in different places,—I feel a strong propensity to go and do likewise. Iconoclasm is, indeed, a dangerous profession, and it may be urged that little good comes of it, unless it is accompanied by a more radical cure of the tendencies by which idolatry is produced. Yet one would fain hope that the example is not quite lost, and that by the occasional defacement of Chim-Chi his prestige will be seriously diminished. Bold men have gone up and bearded some of the more imposing idols of our day, in spite of very horrible teeth and claws. I will not speak of such powerful beings as the almighty dollar of America, or of the great god Respectability, worshipped by the snobs of these islands; they have been smitten by stronger arms, and seem to thrive tolerably well under the infliction. Nor, for that matter, do I wish to insult certain more hideous idols, whose deformity is palpable to every one. It does not take much cultivation to perceive that an idol with eyes like a crown-piece, and teeth like the under-bill of a parrot, is a degrading object of worship. We are sufficiently

civilized to have substituted genuine works of art for the old stocks and stones; and the fault is not that we value them, but that we pay them so slavish a service. The idols of which I would speak are such as I should be perfectly prepared to admire in any proper place; only I don't think that they quite deserve to have a temple erected over them, to be mentioned only in tones of the profoundest reverence, and to have all rash critics offered up at their shrines as sacrilegious criminals.

Thus, for example, though it wants some courage to speak it, I have suffered a good deal from the worshippers of our national idol, Shakspeare. There was once a picture in *Punch* of a preposterous youth, who declared that, in his opinion, Shakspeare was a much over-rated man. Now, if we could retire into the privacy of our own studies, and speak our minds quietly without having the fear of critics before our eyes, I fancy that a good many of us would confess to a secret sympathy with that adventurous person. M. Louis Blanc, who, as a Frenchman, should be free from the national bondage, complains gently of some of the sufferings he has undergone on this topic. Once, he says, he ventured to suggest to a party of Englishmen, that it was not perfectly consistent in Hamlet to speak of "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns," just after he had had a long conversation with his father's ghost. M. Louis Blanc was instantly suppressed; the British lion was aroused within his hearers; and he was made to feel that he had committed the same sort of error as a curate who should have defended Bishop Colenso to an orthodox rector. Now, I will admit, for the sake of argument, that M. Louis Blanc, as a Frenchman attacking our great English champion, was beyond the pale of toleration; I will confess that, in the case supposed, I should have been as ready to defend Shakspeare right or wrong as any priest of Chim-Chi to flay Robinson Crusoe; we are not to accept unpleasant truths from a foreigner; but, I would ask why, when we are strictly amongst ourselves, it should be considered flat blasphemy as ever was committed to suggest that there are some weak points about Shakspeare? If, for example, a man admits that Shakspeare was one of the two or three greatest poets of all time, that at his best moments he showed certain powers which have never been equalled; why should it be held utterly abominable to add that the construction of some of his plots is not absolutely perfect, and that he might have dispensed with a murder or two without serious injury to his pieces? Even if a man were bold enough to declare that Shakspeare not unfrequently wrote infamously ill, is that a sufficient reason for his summary execution? The fact is, that Shakspeare is not only a national idol, but, unluckily, he is one whom we have some trouble in monopolizing sufficiently. Ever since German critics have been raising a cloud (a remarkably opaque cloud) of incense in his honour we have been afraid, as it were, of having our best card trumped. They sometimes erroneously claim to have been the first discoverers, and to be now the best appreciators, of Shakspeare; and by way of answering this last assertion at least, we try to outdo their boldest efforts by piling up masses of

unqualified panegyric, which are enough to destroy all faith in human criticism. Nothing, it is said, is so absurd as not to have been maintained by some philosopher; and nothing written by Shakspeare is so bad (and some things, I will venture to say, are very bad indeed) as not to have been defended by some of his admirers. There is always some relief in turning to the commentators of the last century, who are reviled for their utter insensibility, but who had plain common sense, and ventured to judge as well as to fall on their knees in humble adoration. They sometimes tried to measure the infinite with a two-foot rule; but, at least, they had a measure, and did not fear to report the results of their examination. Milton is not so sacred an idol as Shakspeare, and we may, without danger, ridicule his angels firing cannon, and the palace which the fiends built so carelessly that they were obliged to reduce themselves to the size of mites to enter the door. Yet poor Dr. Johnson has been terribly mauled by posterity for some of his rash criticisms. When he says of Lycidas, "Nothing can less display knowledge, or less exercise invention, than to tell how a shepherd has lost his companion, and must now feed his flocks alone, without any judge of his skill in piping; and how one god asks another god what has become of Lycidas, and how neither god can tell,"—modern critics, for the most part, can only raise their eyes and hands and shriek in holy horror. I confess that I rather enjoy the worthy Doctor's slashing style of criticism, and even think there is something in it. Possibly his remarks are narrow and grovelling; but, at least, they have these merits:—First, that they are intelligible; and, secondly, that to answer them satisfactorily, we have to go seriously into the philosophy of the question. They can't be answered by mere shrieking and gesticulation; but are as tangible as pounds, shillings, and pence. So far, they are better than the prevalent form of criticism, which is a competition to see who can sing the loudest hymns, and use the most high-flown language. There is, however, one comfort about Milton and Shakspeare. They are dead. They can't be spoilt by their modern admirers. Shakspeare thought, it may be, too little of his work; but, at least, he didn't sit down of malice prepense to say, "I will write something which shall make the *Times* or the *Telegraph* declare that I am the leading poet of the age." He had some chance of being simple and spontaneous. Nor was he in the serious temptation of knowing that whatever nonsense he wrote would be accepted by a circle of worshippers as though it were as infallible as holy writ. It is the modern things and poems which we place in our most sacred shrines which produce the more crying evils. The sects who pay them reverence are scattered through all classes of men, and all schools of thought. We have political, and social, and philosophical, and artistic idols,—idols of the cave and the market-place, and the theatre, though differing in nature from those of Bacon's imagination,—and still more difficult to classify. The manufacturers of Birmingham are accused of exporting some to barbarous countries; but they might, one would say, find a sufficient market at home. Indeed, I have been

credibly informed that certain idolatrous rites have been performed with remarkable success in a temple not quite so distant from that town as the wilds of Timbuctoo. The image set up on these occasions was the well-known, and highly ideal, representation of the working-man. He is, of course, portraited with a gigantic cerebral development, and with his foot placed triumphantly on the twin-serpents, Superstition and Slavery. The high priests, who affect to do him honour, appear to be of opinion that he enjoys what Mr. Browning calls

Good, thick, sweet, stupefying incense-smoke—

the thicker and sweeter and stronger the better, and, we may fear, a little stupefying also. They, moreover, delight to burn in effigy before him certain wretched dummies, decked with lawn-sleeves, and coronets and stars and garters of a tawdry kind, and with that imbecile expression of countenance which we may remark in the great malefactor of the 5th of November. The weakest point about these ceremonies is that the worshippers are seldom regaled with any refreshments stronger than tea and eloquence—a fault from which the hostile sect are singularly free. That magnificent object of worship, the British Constitution, with its marvellous checks and balances, its judicious mixture of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, and the other wonderful properties which make it, as we know, the pride and envy of the world, has the disadvantage which attaches to the personification of a rather vague abstraction; but the balance of enthusiasm is fully made up by the appliances of its devotees;—the rich streams of turtle soup and venison and the mighty libations of generous wine raise their zeal to the highest pitch. When in those great national festivities, which exercise so elevating an influence upon the morals of the British public, the two idols are carried in solemn processions through our streets and exposed to public veneration on the hustings, it would puzzle a philosopher to say which sect shouts the loudest, or talks the most magnificent nonsense. Perhaps the sacred hymns which take the form of Buncombe, and the sermons for which a stump is taken as the pulpit, are not always of the most creditable kind; and calmer people may fear that in the shock of opposing zealots the realities are a little apt to be forgotten in favour of the conventional types; and, which is the greatest evil, that the abuse lavished upon the outward symbol tends to lower our respect for the genuine merits of the thing represented.

The worshippers of the working-man, for example, have been rather startled by certain consequences drawn from their principles by the more ignorant class of zealots. Before they knew it, they found themselves half committed to approving of human sacrifices. They expressed a most righteous abhorrence of the custom prevalent in some parts of these islands, where backsliders from the faith have been robbed, or blinded, or actually put to death by explosions of gunpowder. No shadow of blame could attach to the rational high priests of the sect, except, indeed, this, that

their exaggerated eulogies led to an unfair reaction upon the discovery of these practices ; the enemy was only too glad of a chance of saying, Behold the god whom you invite us to revere : has he not a tinge, or rather more than a tinge, of the diabolic nature in his composition ? Does not the real nature of your worship come out amongst these unsophisticated zealots ? The principles you avow look infinitely respectable in broad daylight amongst the upper classes ; but down in the dens and secret places where they are carried out with no fear of such responsibility, they sink into something not much better than fetish worship and cannibalism. From such retorts—whatever may be their value—the intelligent leaders would have been quite free if they had abstained from idolatry and spoken the uncoloured truth. If, instead of holding up the working-man as a model of all perfection, they had described him as he is—an excellent being with many rough and sturdy virtues, but unfortunately fond of drink and incapable of prudence—every one would have been ready to take an impartial view of exceptional crimes ; and, moreover, they would have had a strong argument from which they have cut themselves off. If the working-man is an angel without wings, our existing social arrangements must be tolerably good ; if, with many good qualities, he comes very short of thorough civilization, then some social reforms are urgently needed. Idolatry, in such cases, produces a counter-superstition, and makes the prejudices of the unbelievers as unfair and vehement as those of the thoroughgoing zealots. For my own part, however, I must confess that, purely as a matter of individual taste, I prefer this form of superstition to its rival. It may be said that to flatter a crowd is as bad as to flatter a court, and that a demagogue is as contemptible an animal as a flunkey. I have no desire to compare the two evils accurately, and to portion out the shares of contempt which we are bound to bestow upon each. I would not, in Dr. Johnson's rough language, settle the point of precedence between a flea and another more unmentionable insect. But, on purely æsthetic grounds, as a matter of personal taste, I prefer the hymns sung to the working-man to those which are sounded in honour of the British Constitution. Whether rightly or wrongly, a gentleman who gets up and praises a class to which he does not belong may be, and frequently is, obeying a generous impulse ; perhaps he is even pushing generosity to an extreme, and that is an action which it is possible to do gracefully. But when his adversary arises to express an excessive admiration for the arrangements to which his own good fortune is owing, I think he has a rather awkward appearance. "Behold me," he says in effect ; "I have eaten a good dinner and have an excellent coat on my back ; I am thoroughly comfortable, well off, and prosperous ; what a never-sufficiently-to-be-admired state of affairs it is which gives me all these good things ! What a fool any one must be who ventures to complain ! He ought to be proud that I, and such as me, condescend to govern him ; to give thanks daily that he does not presume, like the foolish democrats of other nations, to consider that his own interests should be preferred to mine, and that he should even have a

voice in determining the mode of preferring them. Consider it as a beneficent arrangement of Providence that I am to be rich and respected, and influential, and you to be my most obedient humble servants, and to retire, if you haven't my luck, to live in the workhouse, or on my charity." So far from saying that this doctrine is erroneous, I believe it to be in many respects perfectly sound; and am as little favourable to ultra-democrats as to those who believe with Mr. Weller's young nobleman, when he got a pension because his mother's uncle's grandfather had once lighted the King's pipe, that whatever is right. I only say that the sentiment is more difficult to express gracefully. I do not speak for a moment of the rational admirers of our Constitution, but of those idolators who hold it to be perfectly immaculate and incapable of improvement; and I venture to say that their nonsense (for it is surely safe to say that there is a good deal of nonsense on all sides of every question) is, on the whole, more repulsive to my tastes than that of the opposite description. If it was still flourishing, we should still be hanging pickpockets, governed by rotten boroughs, and indulging in some old-fashioned forms of worship to the aforesaid idol, which the increasing common sense of the age has fortunately managed to render obsolete.

There is another variety of superstition which, to my mind, is equally annoying, though it bears with it a certain aspect of generosity and public recognition of merit which must be admitted to have its charm. Some great writer—a philosopher, it may be, or a novelist, or a poet—works his way upwards in the world. He delivers such a message as comes within his capacity, is abused and denounced, and misrepresented, and ultimately succeeds in founding a school. We begin by telling a man of any originality that he is a humbug; then that he is opposed to all orthodox opinions; and finally declare that he is infallible. We convert him into a pope, whose lightest word is to be received with the respect due to a revelation. When a newspaper has occasion to quote his authority, it calls him not plain Mr. Smith, but John Percy Smith (the addition of a man's Christian names being equivalent to giving him the title of Right Honourable in public esteem), and refers with humble accents to his European reputation. We cannot touch upon poetry, or political economy, or whatever his particular walk may be, without having his name cast at every step in our teeth. He is the standard by whom all past and present merit is measured—the Colossus under whose huge legs we petty men peep about to find ourselves dishonourable graves. The most ferocious critic becomes tame when he is mentioned, and criticizes every work which he condescends to publish in the spirit of a modern artist before an undoubted Raffaele. We deal with him something as a certain young Spaniard, commemorated in Mr. Borrow's *Bible in Spain*, treated Bentham. The "grand Baintham," he said, was not merely a Solon and a Plato, but a Lope de Vega; and he repudiated with indignation Mr. Borrow's hint that, so far as regarded poetry, Mr. Bentham could scarcely be reckoned amongst the leading names of the world. I almost believe that there are

some persons whose qualifications in that direction are scarcely superior to Bentham's, who might be certain of universal applause on their first plunge into metre. At any rate, I am quite sure that if half of what is said at public dinners, with the tacit understanding that it is to be returned in kind, were even approximately true, the world would be in possession of more Solons and Platos and Lope de Vegas than have ever flourished simultaneously at any known epoch: yet it would be rather difficult to make out in cold blood a long list of contemporaries who are already secure of immortality. The disposition to this particular branch of idolatry is, I presume, the practical application of the doctrines of hero-worship; though I fancy that the man of genius to whom the popularity of that name is due, would repudiate most of the images set up for our reverence. The hero-worshippers, whether their idols be of timber or of gold, are inclined to arrogate a certain moral superiority to the outside world. We, they say in effect, recognize merit generously and freely; you carp and sneer from a mean jealousy. We love to do honour to a great man while he is yet amongst us; you keep your incense till he is dead and buried. We hold that the world is made better by mighty teachers of thought and action, whose shoe-latchets it is an honour to unloose; and nothing is a clearer proof of a cold heart and narrow spirit than an unwillingness to hail the advent of the coming reformer and regenerator of mankind. You would have criticized the warts on Cromwell's nose and the specks of blood on his collar, and have found out, only when it was too late, that a man with a wart on his nose may lead a good charge of cavalry on due occasion. To this it might, of course, be replied that nothing is more antagonistic to the true faith than the prevalence of the sham article. If you fire off all your rockets to announce the mayor of Little Pedlington, what are you to do when a true king of men makes his appearance? A habit of gushing on all occasions deprives genuine emotion of all its charms. It is not the worship of heroes, I might say, that is objectionable; but the Egyptian practice of worshipping tame cats under the singular delusion that they are roaring lions. But I will venture to go a step further: I will confess that, personally, I entertain a rooted aversion to hero-worship, and have no extravagant love for heroes; that I don't find that there are many giants in the world, and that those who actually exist are only some twenty-four inches taller than their neighbours, and frequently owe their apparent height to mounting their neighbours' shoulders. Is this view of the world less accurate or less generous than that which divides all mankind into heaven-sent heroes on one side and mere helpless dummies on the other? which assumes that half-a-dozen men can see and everybody else is stone-blind, or good enough at best to follow their leaders by some vague canine instinct? The question as to the accuracy of the theory is not to be solved in a couple of paragraphs; without some caution I might find myself launched on a boundless sea of philosophical inquiry. Yet there is one simple consideration that may be noticed in passing. Every

historian inevitably wishes to concentrate the light on his principal figures ; his work will gain in literary effect, even if it loses in truth, by declaring that the fly on the wheel is really the impelling power. If Canute had happened to give his orders just as the tide was turning, all his courtiers would have sworn, and all historians would have echoed the assertion, that his command had worked a miracle. The men who had the good fortune to be at the top of the tree in the critical periods of the world's growth have had all the credit of determining its line of development. It would have been a brave subordinate who had avowed that he had suggested a plan of campaign to the first Napoleon ; he would have been pooh-poohed by a more formidable person than a critic. A minister, indeed, may, with some fairness, claim the credit of all his subordinates' work ; for he would equally suffer the penalty in case of a failure. But it is not quite so plain that the great lights in literature or science have so good a claim to quench the lights of their inferiors ; that, because Newton was a marvellous mathematician, we are to forget all the reasoners who had prepared the problem for him, and even guessed vaguely at its solution ; or that Shakspeare's glory is to efface that of all the minor dramatists who are put in gilded liveries to repose unmoved upon the shelves of every gentleman's library. Right or wrong, however, it is the way of the world ; and that being so, I cannot doubt that the great men, whatever their true merit, have, on the whole, got more than their fair share of glory, and touched up their own reputation with that of all the humble subordinates who helped them. To him that hath shall be given : the best way to make money is to be rich ; and nothing succeeds like success. These are simple facts, and it would be useless to repine at a distribution of praise which certainly makes history more picturesque ; and, after all, matters little to those who have done their work well without a selfish wish for glory. A man, I imagine, may be perfectly satisfied if he has added a few solid bricks to a useless edifice, though all the honour is bestowed upon the lucky fellow who happened to add the crowning pinnacle. But that the tone of mind which encourages this process should be recommended on the score of generosity does, I own, surprise me. Is it generous to say that Wellington won the battle of Waterloo, and to forget the rank and file who had something to do with the result ; to say nothing of leaving out Blucher and the Prussians ? There is much practical convenience in having a crowd of insignificant drudges to do the dirty work, and an ornamental fellow or two at their head to take all the glory, or, it may be, all the blame ; to serve as a concrete symbol of all the complicated forces which are acting in obscurity to help in the general result : but that it is a plan to be recommended on the score of justice and good feeling is by no means a self-evident proposition. We often hear the demand for equality condemned in a similar spirit, because it shows, we are told, a mean jealousy of all eminence ; and no one would deny that such jealousy exists, and, so far as it influences the result, is mean and contemptible enough. Yet there is

also another side to the argument. If we feel for the humble as well as the exalted, we may find some fault with arrangements which put the mass of quiet people in the shadow, in order that one may enjoy the full sunshine. It is well to admire heroes, Cromwells or Shakespeares or Fredericks; but the truest, and, to my thinking, the most generous view is that which declines to recognize them as solitary luminaries, and recognizes the plain fact that great men are only the brightest stars in a brilliant constellation. They are due not to a sudden unconnected outbreak of energy, but to an impulse which throws out many minor clusters and only culminates in them. Nature does not put Mount Blanc in the midst of the central plain of Europe, but amidst the lesser summits of the long chain of the Alps.

The doctrine that all heroes are not quite so indispensable as their worshippers maintain, and as they sometimes fancy themselves, is comforting for another reason. It is a blessing to hold that when a great man falls, the chances are that we have within this realm five hundred good as he. There is a favourite field of speculation for certain writers to ask what would have happened, if something had happened which didn't happen. If Robespierre's stockings, said one profound reasoner, had or had not been splashed on a certain occasion (I forget which), the French Revolution would not have happened. If Cæsar's boat had gone down with all his fortunes, there would have been no Roman empire. If William the Conqueror had met with bad weather, we Englishmen should have still been nothing better than beer-swilling Saxons. All these, or some of these facts may be true; and it is pleasant to some minds to repeat the old adage about great events and trifling causes, and to reckon up the wonderfully small events which, if they had happened otherwise, would have changed the whole history of the world. I will not say that it is not so; but I think it gives us a better ground for faith in the future, if we persuade ourselves that the world's progress does not depend on the turn of a die or the flight of a bullet; and that somehow or other we shall scramble on in a similar path, though it may be we shall have to make a few détours, and lose some valuable time; even if our favourite idols were all converted into firewood and we had to swear by the great John Brown instead of the mighty Thomas Smith. Heroes are excellent things in their way; but, to my mind, the more strings we have to our bow the more secure we shall feel; and I hold that there is generally a fish or two in the sea, besides the big ones that happen to have come to the surface.

All this verges on the speculative; but I will hazard one more remark. Honour our great men by all means; put them in shrines and burn any quantity of incense before them; but there is a fact about them which is worth remembering. We never really get the full value out of a man till we have to some extent taken his measure, and know what part of our idol is made of true metal and what part of clay. The wisest and the best of men have only seen part of the truth; and require to be corrected and supplemented before their teaching can be heartily accepted. So long as

we are in the fervid stage of idolatry, and fancy that we have the key which unlocks all riddles, we are under a delusion, and we have not really derived the greatest possible profit from our teacher. It is not till we can place ourselves outside his work, compare it with that of other men, and see where it falls short as well as where it is satisfactory, that we really know what it is worth. It seems presumptuous in the pigmy to criticize the giant; but the best thing that the giant can do is to put the pigmy in a position to judge of his merits. Nobody living—it is most probable—is equal to Shakspeare as a poet or to Newton as a mathematician; but our knowledge and taste have so far profited by their labour that we can speak with confidence as to the measure of their merits. We do not presume, in doing so, to set ourselves up as their equals or as worthy to be mentioned in the same year with them; but we are doing them the highest honour in proving that we have learnt to criticize instead of worshipping.

Therefore I hold that the prevailing idolatry of certain great names is, in truth, a very bad homage to their merits. I protest against the indignant orthodoxy with which certain sects rage against all heretics, and shriek in holy horror at any suggestion that some logician may have made a blunder, or taken a partial view, or that some poet may have sinned against good taste and common sense. If—begging pardon for so wild an hypothesis—the present writer were a great, and at the same time a magnanimous man, he would think it the best proof of his success that he had raised up disciples capable of standing on their own legs and mixing admiration with fair criticism: always, of course, assuming that he was not, as is much more probable, completely spoilt by excessive adulation. For the worst evil of idolatry of this kind is, that it injures the object of our reverence as much as the devotees; and that it frequently happens that the idol turns out to be rotten just as we hope that he is ripe.

A CYNIC.

Maisons de Santé.

I HAD often, whilst walking through the smaller streets of Paris, and more especially through those nearest to the barrières or circuit walls of the city, had my attention arrested by a class of houses as yet nondescript, and of an altogether peculiar appearance.

One of these, larger than most others of the sort, had for that reason, perhaps, more thoroughly attracted my notice. It was situated close to the Bois de Vincennes, in the Rue A—— : a narrow, decrepit street, some half-a-mile long, dull as the catacombs, and every bit as dirty ; full of houses running to seed, and of shops in the last stage of consumption, and paved, as though for the sins of its inhabitants, with those small, knobby, gritty stones that enhance the comfort of walking in the same measure as a pair of boots lined with parched peas. The house to which I have alluded stood at one of the extremities of this dismal thoroughfare. It was large, strongly built, and of four storeys high. Painted from roof to floor in glaring white, its aspect was clean, as compared to the dwellings which neighboured it ; but—and this it was that first fixed my attention—the forty and odd windows that looked from it to the street were all hermetically closed with wooden shutters, protected in some cases by thick perpendicular bars of iron.

There was something chill and gloomy in this arrangement, which shut out all the rays of the sun, and veiled from the passer-by every trace of the life which one felt must exist behind the cold face of this habitation. If I may say so, the house seemed blind.

It had two doors : the one, small, was apparently a private entrance ; the other, large, and surmounted by a formidable row of iron spikes, seemed destined to admit carriages. Above it one could read the words, *Maison de Santé*.

I had often heard, during my stay in France, of the maisons de santé. They had been mentioned to me as private mad-houses ; but the enormous number of them I had seen in Paris had led me to fancy, or at least to hope, that this definition might be incorrect. Accordingly, after my first sight of the establishment I have just described, I renewed my inquiries, but this time more seriously and more minutely.

A maison de santé, I was then told, is an asylum for people of any condition, but principally for the rich, who, from bodily or mental infirmities, or from certain other causes, are deemed by society, or by the rulers thereof, better under lock and key than at large.

If a man of fortune or position go mad or become epileptic, and his family be unwilling to confine him at Charenton, or Bicêtre, it sends him

to a maison de santé ; if a man be old, invalid, or paralytic, and require more care than his relations are able or disposed to give him, they will send him there too ; if a young spendthrift run heavily into debt, his friends, to cure him of his extravagance, will often confine him for a year or two in one of these houses ; and if a young lady draw down upon herself, by some misadventure, too marked an amount of public attention, it is generally under the roof of a maison de santé that her parents will eclipse her.

Again, if a debtor of some means be sent to Clichy, and find his captivity unpleasant, he will often ask, on the ground of ill-health, to be removed to a retreat of this kind ; prisoners in a good social position, and under confinement for misdemeanors, such as breaches of the peace, duelling, or transgression of the press laws, will often do the same thing, and on the certificate of two doctors (providing also that they have some little interest without to second their demand at the Ministry of the Interior), their request will usually be granted.

"From these petitions to be admitted to them," added the person I was interrogating, "you may conclude that maisons de santé are rather agreeable places, and indeed some of them are ; for although there are certainly a good many which are no better than private mad-houses, yet there are others—and to these it is that resort the genteel defaulters, duellists, and others I have named—which are, in point of fact, neither more nor less than boarding-houses, and very sumptuous ones too. The apartments in them are handsome, the gardens extensive and well kept, the living excellent, and the charges necessarily high, varying usually from 400 francs to 600 francs (16*l.* to 24*l.*) a month. The only privation of which the inmates can ever complain is that of liberty, and of this even they are seldom wholly deprived, for the directors of the maisons de santé, whose interest it naturally is to keep on good terms with their boarders, not unfrequently allow the latter to go and walk about the town as they please, always, however, exacting from them the pledge of their word of honour to return ; for it must be borne in mind that the director, being responsible to justice for all the prisoners who are allowed to undergo in his house the term of their captivity, would, in the event of the escape of one of them, not only forfeit his licence, but also subject himself to a heavy fine and possibly to a few months' imprisonment. Moreover, beside the chances—very slight, in truth—of a breach of parole on the part of one of his inmates, the doctor of a maison de santé has to run the risk, if his boarder be a debtor, of the latter being perceived in the streets by the creditors who have incarcerated him ; in which case, if it can be proved that the pretended patient has been allowed more latitude than is consistent with the state of health in which he is supposed to be by the certificate that procured his translation from prison, his creditor may not only cause him to be at once returned to jail, but may also, if he please, prosecute the too-indulgent owner of the boarding-house before the tribunal of correctional police."

A somewhat comic instance of this occurred a few years ago in the

case of an Englishman, Lord B—— C——, who, being head over ears in debt, was arrested at the suit of some Parisians and sent to Clichy. Finding the sojourn within the walls of a whitewashed cell a matter of some discomfort, his lordship, who was of an imaginative turn of mind, feigned sickness, and got a couple of obliging doctors to affirm that he would be running the gravest dangers in remaining an hour longer in prison. On the strength of this grievous certificate the Minister of the Interior allowed the noble lord to be removed to a maison de santé near the Champs Elysées; and here the leech's craft wrought such wonders with him, that a week or two later a certain tradesman, in whose books he occupied a pre-eminently conspicuous position, was not a little surprised at seeing the easy-minded nobleman, whom he imagined to be groaning behind the bars of a prison, quietly enjoying himself in a box at the opera.

"Ah, ah!" said he, with a chuckle, "I may now presume one of two things: either my lord has paid my bill into court and been consequently let free, or he has found means to slip his cables and escape; in which case the governor of Clichy, as responsible for his person, will have to satisfy my claims. Hurrah! In either event I am safe for my money." And the exuberant shopkeeper started off, as fast as a cab could carry him, to the debtor's jail.

"Lord B—— C——?" he asked, rushing headlong into the porter's lodge. "Is he here?"

"Dangerously ill," was the reply. "Gone mad, I believe, under the rigours of his confinement, and removed, a few days ago, to a lunatic asylum under a medical certificate."

"Dangerously ill! Mad!" roared the indignant tradesman. "Why, I have just seen him clapping his hands at the theatre!"

"Ah! tant mieux," answered the official; "but then what was the good of coming to ask me if he were here?" and he banged the gate.

Foaming with rage at feeling himself fooled, the baffled creditor ran off to take counsel with the score of other purveyors of Lord B—— C—— in the same predicament as himself.

"We must take things coolly," said one; "for if we go and complain on the spot, the doctor with whom Milord is staying will not fail to say that his patient's spirits were so low that he had prescribed a little amusement as positively necessary to cheer him; if, however, we set a watch upon the Maison D——, and acquire the certain proof that our debtor's illness is a sham, and that he is allowed to run wild as he pleases, we can then come down upon him with every chance of success. Patience!"

This golden advice was followed. Turn by turn and day after day each of the creditors posted himself in the neighbourhood of the maison de santé; and a fortnight later, the unsuspecting nobleman, who daily and nightly went to races, dinners, balls and theatres, as though he had never owed a sixpence in his life, was unpleasantly shocked at finding himself hurried back to the Rue Clichy, whilst the doctor who had kept him was

none the less so at being condemned to a fine of a thousand francs as a lesson how to modify his prescriptions better.

This example, to which one may find many similar, will serve to give you an idea of what some maisons de santé are; "but," continued my friend, "ainsi que fagot et fagot, il y a maison et maison;" and besides those houses which are mere asylums, and those which are comfortable hotels, there is another class of house, bearing the same generic name, but in which, along with idiots and lunatics, are often confined for weeks, months, years sometimes, men who are neither mad nor culprits, but whose misfortune it has been to quarrel with influential friends, or to bring themselves by a too candid expression of political feeling under the notice of the prefect of police.

In order to understand this, you must form to yourself an exact idea of the way in which we are ruled in France. Since 1852 personal security as well as public liberty has ceased to exist. Living in constant fear of riots and revolutions, the Government rules by means of a rod of iron. The maintenance of order, or rather of terror, is its guiding principle; and to keep the people in a state of wholesome discipline, every means, without exception, are made use of by the authorities, who all, from the Emperor down to the puniest village mayor, exercise a despotism against which it is impossible to kick or even to protest without danger.

You cannot here enounce an opinion as you would in England, independently, carelessly, freely. If discontented with or wronged by some one in power, you must be exceedingly cautious in expressing your dissatisfaction, or, to be more prudent, you had better not express it at all: for unless you be a Berryer, a Thiers, a Jules Favre, or some one whose high social position, fame, or connections will guarantee him against being molested, you can never be sure but that some night you may be driven off to the "Préfecture de Police," and thence consigned, under a certificate of two Government doctors, to a maison de santé. Instances of this revolting kind have occurred often, and will occur often again so long as France is not gifted with free institutions: for

A sceptre snatched with an unruly hand
Must be as boisterously maintained as gained;
And he that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

Once shut up by order of the police, heaven help you! for your chances of regaining your liberty are small indeed. There is no free press to take up your case, and stir up public indignation in your behalf. Were even your plight known to the best-disposed of newspaper editors, he could never risk a fine and the interdiction of his paper in taking up the cudgels for you. Your only chances of getting loose would therefore lie in an escape, or in the private intervention of some respectable friend nearly or distantly connected with the authorities, and who would consent to hold himself responsible for your future quiet behaviour, or promise that you should immediately quit the country.

One finds in history that it was in the time of Napoleon I. that maisons de santé first played an important part in the government as private State prisons. They replaced the Bastille and the "*lettres de cachet*," so much in honour in the last century, and were made by Fouché to serve the ends of more than one political villany. In 1802, the Prince de Polignac, afterwards so famous as Prime Minister of Charles X., was condemned for conspiracy to two years' imprisonment; but at the end of that time, instead of regaining his liberty, he was removed with his brother to a maison de santé, where they both remained incarcerated ten years, their captivity only ending, in fact, with the reign of the Emperor. Mdlle. de Narbonne Fritzlar, too, the lovely Duchess of Chevreuse, some time maid of honour to the Empress Josephine, was, in 1808, cloistered in a maison de santé, on account of the political aversion she had evinced for Bonaparte; and, again, it was from a private lunatic asylum, in which he had been many years arbitrarily confined, that General Mallet escaped on the night of October 23, 1812, whilst the Grand Army was in Russia, and attempted that *coup d'état* which, ill-organized as it was, very nearly succeeded in overthrowing the Government. Under the Bourbons, up to 1830, it was the turn of the Bonapartists to fill the maisons de santé; under Louis Philippe the Republicans and the Legitimists were more or less shut up in them; and since the establishment of the Second Empire, it has been towards the persecution of political writers in country newspapers, or of too free-thinking students, that maisons de santé have been directed.

"Are there any means of visiting these houses?" I asked.

"Yes," was the answer; "but it is generally difficult. Those who have friends under confinement are seldom allowed to see them except in a special parlour; and to go over the establishment, it mostly requires to be either a friend of the director or a Government inspector."

"But to me, then, as a foreigner, there are no ways open?"

"If you like, we can do this," proposed my French acquaintance: "we can go to a maison de santé, under the pretext of wishing to board a friend there; and then, although I would not vouch for it, the owner will possibly, out of politeness, allow us a glimpse of his premises."

This advice seemed feasible to me, and half-an-hour afterwards we were rolling along the Rue A—— in a fly, that deposited us at the door of the maison de santé which had especially aroused my attention. Our ring was answered by a sharp-looking servant in a blue apron, and we found ourselves in a bright, stone-paved entrance-hall, giving view on to a garden, the very reverse, I must say, of anything I should have expected from the outward look of the house. A balmy scent of roses stole refreshingly towards us; a few spruce flower-beds, decked with smart geraniums, and bordered by alleys of clean yellow sand, greeted our eyes; and a couple of happy, chattering parrots, who were strutting about unfettered and free, gave to the place an air of cheerfulness and comfort. We handed our cards to the servant, and a few minutes after were shown into the director's study.

Dr. E—— was a man of middle height, well built, and naturally

powerful; but a sallow face, a circle of black round each of his eyes, and a somewhat ungainly stoop, gave him an air of premature debility. He seemed about fifty, and there was in his manners and in his tone all the unctuous politeness of a man who has seen a great deal of life and of good society. He seldom spoke without smiling, and he smiled so pleasantly that, had it not been for an awkward trick he had of keeping his eyes on the ground, he would have enlisted one's confidence at once. In his person he was scrupulously neat; his dress was quiet and in good taste; and from his button-hole peeped the inevitable ribbon of the Legion of Honour.

He threw a rapid but shrewd glance at us as we entered, and courteously motioned to us to be seated.

I forget the precise terms of the story we forged to excuse our visit; but I think we supposed the existence of a mutual friend suddenly attacked with insanity, and for whom we wished to find a quiet retreat other than a mere lunatic asylum. We terminated our fable by a polite request to be allowed to judge for ourselves whether the establishment could offer those comforts of which we were in search.

"Have you a certificate to prove the insanity of the person whom you wish to seclude?" asked the director.

"Yes," said my friend, coolly.

"And signed by two French doctors?"

"Yes, by two French doctors."

"I shall have great pleasure then in showing you over my house," said Dr. E——, rising; and after taking a large key from the top of his desk, added, hurriedly, "This, gentlemen, is not, as you know, a common mad-house; it is a house of convalescence and of retreat. I have several boarders who have come here to seek a little repose after nervous excitement or after too hard brain-work, and who will leave me as soon as they have sufficiently rested. I must beg you, therefore, not to be astonished if you see in the gardens men who have neither the air nor the gait of lunatics. There are others," continued the doctor, with a slight shrug of the shoulders and a pitying smile,— "There are others who may seem to you at first sight to be of sound mind, and who may even tell you that they are confined here unjustly and from infamous motives; but I need not tell you that such labour under a most deplorable hallucination, as it is quite impossible to detain here against his will any man who is not notoriously insane."

We both bowed, and, after this little preface, the doctor led the way down the staircase through the sunny garden we had admired, and stopped on the left before a small door shaded with ivy.

"My establishment," he explained, "is divided into four divisions: that into which we are about to enter is the *second*, reserved for those who are nearly cured, or for those who are sufficiently harmless in their madness to need no restraint." And so saying he threw open the door, taking care, however, to relock it well after him.

Scarcely had we entered the garden of this second section, when three

inmates, who were walking side by side and smoking, stopped short and bluntly accosted the director.

"When are you going to let me out?" cried the first.

"You promised me my release a fortnight ago!" exclaimed the second.

"Have you sent off my last letter?" asked the third.

At the first moment, and judging them more from the abruptness of their tone and the exceeding shabbiness of their clothes than from their faces, I set down these men for maniacs; but a second look showed me that I was mistaken. If mad, they were, for the time at least, in perfect possession of their senses. The sight of Dr. E—— seemed to have excited them, but there was no insanity in the irritation that gleamed in their features. They remained perfectly quiet, and the director treated them with greater respect than he would have shown to common lunatics.

"You will excuse me, gentlemen," said he, uncovering himself before them, and speaking with the most insinuating politeness—"You will excuse me if I be unable to converse with you at this moment, for, as you see, I have visitors, but by-and-by ——"

A contemptuous laugh cut him short. "Oh, yes, the old story!" cried one. "You say 'by-and-by,' and then you never come near us once in a month." The doctor hurried on, colouring, and we followed.

A tall man with a handsome, thoughtful face, raised his hat as we passed, but without pausing in his walk.

"Is that person mad?" I inquired of the director, who had answered the bow with a friendly wave of the hand.

"Yes," replied he, nodding; "but he has lucid intervals."

The man had seemed to me as intelligent as any one at large; but we were going too fast for me to examine him very closely, and my reflections on him were suddenly interrupted by the pell-mell arrival of three or four idiots—genuine ones this time—who surrounded us with demonstrations of the most exuberant delight, and insisted upon shaking hands with us. All asked to be let loose immediately; and it was only under the implicit promise that they should regain their liberty that very afternoon, that they suffered us to proceed.

"How long have you been here?" said I to one with white hair and a jovial face.

"Thirty-seven years," he answered quickly. "I came here in 1829, but my brother is coming to fetch me to-morrow, and then I shall cross the sea in a boat of my own invention, a beauty, with blue sides and a wheel in the middle." And the merry old idiot ran off laughing and rubbing his hands.

"His brother has been dead and buried these fifteen years," whispered the doctor.

The garden in which we were was about fifty yards long by thirty. There were no flowers in it, but a profusion of lilac-trees and a few acacias threw a pleasing shade over the gravel paths. An abrupt turn

in one of these brought us in sight of a group of five or six patients playing at cards on a stone form. A man with a blue apron and a key in his belt sat by them reading the paper and smoking a clay pipe. This, I found, was the guardian of the division. He had nearly twenty patients under his surveyance; but it struck me that the supervision he exercised over them was none of the most watchful. Perhaps it was he knew with whom he had to deal; but certainly, had a lunatic been so minded, he would have had abundant time to slay another without the keeper interfering with him.

The players stood up, and the servant hid his pipe and his paper at our approach.

"Is any one in the drawing-room?" asked the doctor, throwing a vexed look at the servant, who was apparently breaking a regulation in smoking.

"Yes, sir," was the answer; "two gentlemen are playing at draughts there."

The apartment gratified with the euphemious name of drawing-room, looked in all points like a third-class waiting-room at a country railway-station in France. A large round table occupied its centre, and was surrounded by a score of old-fashioned chairs, covered with faded worn-out velvet. The walls were whitewashed, and in a corner stood a large iron stove, protected by a formidable grating of wire-work, destined no doubt to keep the lunatics from playing with the fire. The two patients, who were playing at draughts, seemed quiet and inoffensive: had I met them elsewhere than in a maison de santé, I should never have suspected them of unsoundness of mind; and, as it was, I have nothing but the assurance of the director to guarantee me that they were indeed what they were supposed to be. I could not but remark that it was perhaps hard to subject to so complete a privation of liberty men whose insanity the doctor himself avowed to be only intermittent.

"Do you never allow your patients to go out?" I asked.

The director shook his head.

"Not even for a country walk, attended by a servant?" I inquired again. "You are so near the Bois de Vincennes that there could surely be no danger for the convalescent or for the lucid to take this little recreation. I should have thought, on the contrary, that it would accelerate their cure."

"External walks are not a part of my treatment," repeated the doctor with dry politeness.

"And thus," exclaimed my friend, "that old man who came here in 1829 has been cooped up thirty-seven years within the limits of this tiny garden!"

The director threw a searching look at us. The sympathy we were displaying for his patients seemed to him no doubt misplaced.

"Do you wish the friend whom you desire to place in my hands to take walks out of doors?" he inquired.

"No-o," I stammered, growing red, and not knowing very well how to answer.

My French friend, in order to extricate us from the strait into which our imprudence had placed us, turned the subject, and asked the doctor what were the regulations of his establishment.

"In this division," he replied, "the boarders rise at six in summer, and at seven in winter; at nine they take coffee, at twelve breakfast, and at five dinner. At eight in all seasons they go to bed, each in a room of his own."

"And during the daytime may they sit in their rooms to read or write?"

"No," answered the director; "we do not allow privacy in this division. In the first ward the boarders may go in and out of their apartments as they please; but here they must do what reading or writing they have in this drawing-room."

I have already described this piteous room, of which every corner bore trace of age and wear; and I tried to picture to myself what must be the sufferings of those who were convalescent, or only partially insane, at being obliged to pass their summer days and their winter evenings in this dreary, uncomfortable place, in the company of a boorish, ruffianly keeper, and of idiots who chuckled and jabbered around. How read? how write? how think under such conditions? For a man who came to seek rest after nervous irritation, must not such a life be torture? and, besides, was it not calculated to push a man who was not yet mad, to become so from sheer weariness and worry? I glanced at the two men who had stopped their game of draughts, and, certes, their looks most painfully corroborated my reflections.

"Are you content here?" I whispered to one. He threw a deep glance at me, and then let his eyes glide furtively, but meaningly, towards the director. This was all his answer.

I felt inexpressibly saddened. "Poor fellow!" I murmured to myself. "How unravel the secret which is wrapped up in that glance? How read in the lines of that griefful face the sad tale of which each wrinkle is a page? Those eyes, now dim with tears, must once have gleamed as brightly as mine; that heart, so dull and drooping, must once have had its hopes, its dreams, and its ambition! That hand has not always been enfevered; that brow has not always been contracted, as in pain; and that voice, so faint and tired, has not always borne, as now, such a heavy burden of mystery! Poor fellow! how guess at the misfortunes, at the long series of sorrows, perhaps, that have hurried him here? . . . Ah, doctor!" I exclaimed, giving vent to my gloomy thoughts, "you must have in your mind a host of very harrowing secrets!"

The director accepted this remark as a compliment to his experience. "Yes, alas!" said he. "You have heard the proverb, 'Truth is stranger than fiction;' but it is only those who have seen much of lunatic asylums that can understand its full significance. The most heartrending of novels are not to be found at the booksellers'," he added, with a half sigh.

"They are here"—and he pointed to the garden where his patients were walking; "each of those men is a volume!"

"Bound in very poor cloth," observed a maniac, who had overheard the last words, and who displayed a coat that resembled a piece of patch-work quilting.

We all laughed, and the doctor led us towards the *first division*, which was separated from the second by a large gate painted green.

"This is for the first-class patients," he explained.

"For those who are well, or nearly so?" we asked.

He coloured a little. "Those who are in the *first division* pay from three hundred and fifty to eight hundred francs a month," he replied: those in the *second* pay but two hundred and fifty."

"Ah! even in a mad-house, then, money has its castes!" I sighed.

At this moment, and just as we were about to pass through the gate, a small man, with a pale face and a bushy red beard, rushed up to us, gesticulating. At the first words he uttered, as much as by his unmistakably British countenance, I recognized him for a countryman of mine.

"Docteur! docteur!" cried he in broken French, and striving to make himself understood in an incomprehensible mixture of English and other languages—"Docteur! let me out—you promised—you—you——"

"Let me be your interpreter," I said, remarking that the doctor seemed to make no meaning out of what he said.

"Oh!" exclaimed he, whilst his face became scarlet with pleasure, "are you an Englishman?" and he seized me eagerly by the hand. The director beckoned to me to come along, but my curiosity was excited, and I took no heed.

"Listen!" cried the patient. "This is my case. You can, perhaps, be of use to me. For heaven's sake, therefore, and out of Christian charity, do not forget what I tell you. My name is Frederick G——. I am a Scotchman and live near Glasgow. Last January I left England to take a few days' pleasure-trip to Paris. Having scarcely ever travelled before, the fatigues of the journey from Scotland, together with my imprudence in plunging at once into sight-seeing without taking any rest, combined to make me ill. I was seized with a brain-fever, and the proprietors of the *Hôtel de H——*, where I was staying, instead of sending for a doctor and tending me as they ought to have done, fetched the police; who, on the certificate of two Government physicians, shut me up here as a madman. During ten days I was kept in the *fourth division* of this house—that of the dangerous lunatics, confined by day in a strait-waistcoat and tied by night on to a hard iron bed, in a stone cell, without a fire. How it was that I did not lose my senses altogether under such treatment I am sure I do not know. But, happily and providentially, I was cured. At the end of a fortnight I shook off my fever and was then transferred to this *second ward*, where, notwithstanding that since February I have been perfectly fit to be released, I have been detained unjustly for nine months. I have no means of corresponding with my family, for the

director suppresses all my letters ; and my mother and my sister (the only relations I have), judging from my silence and from Dr. E——'s reports, think, no doubt, that I am really mad. To make matters worse, neither the doctor nor his assistant nor the keepers understand a word of English ; and I am therefore totally unable to prove to them my soundness of mind——” The unhappy man paused and seemed ready to cry.

“But,” said I, astonished and shocked, “is there no inspection exercised by Government over these houses ? Do you never receive the visit of a magistrate, or of a judicial officer ?”

“Yes,” answered the Scotchman ; “but the inspection is a mere formality. Once every six months a *procureur impérial* goes the round of the four divisions, but it is quite useless to make any complaints to him : for accustomed as he is to hear the same petitions from every lunatic he addresses, he pays no attention to them, and sets down one's prayers for symptoms of insanity. Besides,” added the poor fellow, in a low voice, “the director makes the *procureur* believe exactly what he pleases ; and if the latter observe, by chance, that such and such a patient looks perfectly well, the doctor can always reply that the man is merely in a lucid interval, and that in a few days he will have a relapse. The magistrate has other things to do besides finding out whether such statements be true or not. He goes away satisfied, and no more is seen of him for half a year.

“This gentleman appears to me of perfectly sound mind, Dr. E——,” I exclaimed.

“Yes,” answered the director, speaking with evident vexation ; “but he has been very ill, and has only lately recovered. He will be released in a few days.”

I translated this assurance to my fellow-countryman, and, at the same time, mentioned to him my address, promising that if he had not called upon me in a fortnight, I should conclude that he were still under confinement, and make his case known at the British Embassy.

I am happy to add that within a week of our visit the ill-fated Scotchman was liberated, and left France with the well-settled and prudent determination never to set foot in it again.

The *first division* differed essentially from the *second* in that, although the garden was a great deal larger, there were much fewer people in it. One or two patients only were walking about : quiet gentlemanlike men they were, who seemed rather to shun us, for they retreated to their rooms as soon as we appeared, and did not show themselves again. One old man alone, wrapped up in a long blue cloak, and with a deplorably red nose, apostrophized the doctor, and told him that he was a scoundrel. But the director laughed so good-naturedly that I saw that, with regard to this inmate at least, his conscience was perfectly at rest.

After going the round of the garden, we entered a smart one-storeyed pavilion, and examined the two rooms which it contained. One of these was disposable, and its price, board and private attendant included, was, the director told us, 500 francs a month—that is, 240*l.* a year—a monstrous

sum for an apartment furnished with the most rigid simplicity, and for an ordinary which, judging from the dinner I saw carried to one of the patients, was very far from sumptuous. A half-pint bowl of broth, a small slice of boiled beef upon one plate, a similar slice of roast veal upon another, a few beans, and a solitary apple of the quality worth threepence the dozen—such was the dinner of Dr. E ——'s first-class boarders on the day we visited his establishment.

There remained yet two divisions to see, the third and the fourth; and the yells and shouts I heard proceeding from the latter made me anxious to obtain a glimpse of it. But the doctor, who probably thought that we had seen enough, respectfully excused himself from showing us any more. The *third division*, he urged, was reserved entirely for aged, invalid, and epileptic patients—the sight of it could only cause us pain. As for the *fourth*, it was peopled by raving maniacs, to whom it might be dangerous to expose oneself. There was no insisting, but I ventured hesitatingly to inquire what were the means of restraint employed in case of unruliness or mischievousness. The answer was not very straightforward, but I could gather from it that the inmates were never subjected to blows, and that in the event of insubordination they were put into strait-waistcoats, and fastened on to arm-chairs of a peculiar contrivance. If these methods failed, they were occasionally placed in a cold bath for six or eight hours, or made to undergo a series of *douches*, that is, shower-baths of uncommon violence. The doctor added, that he seldom made any systematic attempt to cure his patients. He thought that the best thing to do was to leave them to themselves, on the principle that madness is a disease of which it is usually impossible to discover the organic cause, and which it is hence useless to combat methodically. “If a man,” said he, “do not regain his senses by himself, he will never do so with the help of anyone else.”

As it was impossible for me to judge of the effects of these theories upon a mere passing sight, I am unable to form a thoroughly impartial opinion as to the system pursued with regard to lunatics in French private asylums; but, judging from what I heard told me, after his release, by Mr. Frederick G——, to whom I have above alluded, I cannot but repeat that I consider the existence of maisons de santé, as now regulated, to be open to many and most lamentable abuses. The supervision exercised over them by Government is altogether insufficient; many men are retained in them a most unwarrantable time after their recovery, and it is much to be feared that many, confined in them unjustly, are unable to bear the depressing melancholy life to which they are forced, and positively go mad.

The French are very proud of their great revolution of 1789, which overthrew so many blameable institutions of the past. Who knows but that it may not need the results of a new '89 to work a solid and salutary reform in the organization of maisons de santé, and to limit private mad-houses to their true and exclusive destination: that of retreats for those who are really and unquestionably insane?

A Birthday.

—♦—
 "Eheu fugaces!"
 —♦—

O soul of mine, wrapped up in clay,
 How shall I greet thee on this day
 When first began thy earthly memory?
 So brief, and yet so long appears
 Thy little course of tangled years,—
 I know not whether smiles or tears
 For thee, alas, should have the victory.

In middle age how many a one—
 We may recount, beloved and gone
 Thither, whence souls can have no second birth!
 The sacred source from which I came
 To me is but a cherished name;
 Yet I believe her love the same
 As when with us she lingered here on earth.

So for a little further space
 We miss each unforgotten face.
 About our festal table few are found
 Who knew us in that earlier day
 When sunlight makes a longer stay;
 Ere deepening night and shadows gray
 Mix with the cares that blacken slowly round.

O vanity of vanities!
 What profits it that all the lies
 Of this world,—smile and flatter as it will,—
 Should now so nakedly be seen?
 We know them well; and yet, I ween,
 At forty-five, as at fifteen,
 A thousand times deceived, we trust them still.

So not in vain the net is spread ;
Nor till the silly birds are fled
To countries that we know not, shall they rest
Safe from the fowler's false decoys ;
The shining glass, the empty joys,
The paltry cages, and the toys
Winning away the souls that should be blest.

My birthday ! Still at forty-five,
As at the first, we toil and strive,
Building up petty schemes from day to day.
It is a piteous history
Of time misused, and hopes that flee,
And blessed opportunity
In mercy sent, for ever cast away.

It is enough ; imaginings
Like these are fruitless ; and the wings
Of our weak souls are palsied as we gaze
So near upon the myriad eyes
Of all these threatening mysteries.
Thrice happy they whose strength relies
On His strong hand in whom are all our ways.

H. C. C.

The Alchemists.

"The upright art of Alchymie liketh me well."—LUTHER.

THE odd, lingering, half-alive vitality of old superstitions was curiously instanced some seventy years ago, when an advertisement appeared in the German *Reichsanzeiger*, purporting to be issued by the "Hermetic Society," and calling for communications from the votaries of alchemy scattered among the public. This was in 1796, the period when the Directory governed in France, and General Buonaparte was conquering North Italy; a time when old beliefs on many important subjects had recently met with sufficiently rough handling.

Answers to the advertisement came in from all quarters. Persons in every grade of professional and commercial life, tailors and shoemakers, physicians, privy councillors, schoolmasters, watchmakers, apothecaries, organists, professed themselves practical students of the occult science, and desirous of further enlightenment in their as yet unsuccessful quest after the great elixir. The idea that an influential "Hermetic Society" was in existence, infused new hope into these isolated searchers. But on how baseless a fabric their hope was built eventually appeared, when the archives of the society were submitted to inspection, and it was found to have consisted of two members only, two Westphalian doctors of obscure fame. On the letters they had received in consequence of their advertisement, were found endorsed the words "answered evasively."

These facts are told us in a lecture recently delivered at Leipsic by Professor Erdmann, and published in the *Gartenlaube*. From his statements, and from other sources, we propose to put together a few notes relative to the exploded science—the eccentric torchbearer to chemical discovery—whose annals contribute such notable pages to the moral romance of the Middle Ages.

We do not profess to give its history in formal sequence. We do not discuss the traditions of its origin among the sages of Egypt, nor ponder over the ambiguous inscription on the Emerald Table of Hermes Trismegistus—the *Apocalypse of Alchemy* as Dr. Erdmann calls it. That Moses was giving proof of his skill as an "adept" when he dissolved the golden calf and made the rebellious Israelites imbibe it in a liquid state, that the long-lived antediluvian patriarchs had in fact got hold of the *Elixir Vita*, that Noah was commanded to hang up the true and genuine philosopher's stone in the Ark, to give light to all living creatures therein, are opinions we will merely glance at, as some of the most ambitious among the many fictions by which alchemy sought to ennoble its pedigree, when, from an obscure and ill-accredited pursuit, it had come to be admitted into

the front ranks of notoriety, to be professed by sages of eminence and patronized by powerful monarchs. It was in the thirteenth century that it stepped into this position, brought to it mainly through the intercourse of the Arabs with Europe. The heyday of its dignity may be said to have continued from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century. After the Revival of Learning it declined in estimation; but it still maintained a very considerable sway over those portions of society where mental activity had not been impelled into the new channels. Of its prevalence in Germany, especially during the seventeenth century, Professor Erdmann relates many curious instances. To these we shall presently recur. The absolute death of Alchemy, or the "Spagirie Art," as it used sometimes to be called, cannot be assigned to an earlier date than the publication of Lavoisier's *Modern System of Chemistry*, eighty years ago. And here again, when we speak of its "absolute death," it must be observed that even in our own times, chemists of first-rate rank have accorded a certain degree of recognition to its fundamental hypothesis. Sir Humphry Davy is not alone in avowing his opinion that the transmutations of metals need not be considered an impossibility. Metals, it is argued, are composite bodies, brought into their actual condition by the hidden operations of Nature. Why may not man, who has wrested so many secrets from her already, find out this art of metal-making also, and by some imitative process form similar combinations under the same relative conditions? But to what purpose? If the art resulted in a monopoly by some dexterous patentee, gold-making would before long come to be made penal: if every one might without hindrance carry his own California in his own crucible, gold would soon cease to be the standard of value.

But *has* the transmutation ever been effected? Here the testimony of enlightened modern inquiry is emphatically No, in spite of the half affirmations we meet with here and there: as, for instance, in a *History of Alchymy* alluded to by Professor Erdmann, published as late as 1832, wherein the author expresses his belief that at least five "Adepts" or masters of the art of transmutation have, in the course of ages, made good their claims to the title.

Before we proceed further, let us note what were the definite objects which the alchemists proposed to themselves in their researches, and which these adepts professed to have accomplished. The doctrines on which their science rested were three:—

1. That gold could be produced from metals which themselves contained no gold, by the application to them of an artificial preparation. This preparation went by the names of the Philosopher's Stone, the Great Elixir, the Great Magisterium, and the Red Tincture. It was applied to metals when they had been fused into a liquid state; and the act of application was called Projection.

2. That silver could be similarly produced out of metals containing no silver, by the application of another preparation called the Stone of the Second Order, the Little Elixir, the Little Magisterium, and the White

Tincture. This, naturally, was in much less request than the other, and is much less talked about in the records of Alchemy.

8. The same preparation which thus ennobles metals and produces gold is, at the same time, when in a potable state, or even in some forms as a solid, a medicine possessing marvellous qualities for preserving life and renewing youthful vigour. How far the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life were considered identical is, however, left in some doubt by the ambiguity of Spagiric writers. By some the latter has been described as having the properties of sea-water; by others as an invigorating paste; by others as liquid gold; by others, Raymond Lulli, for instance, as something very like honest port and sherry. This elixir of life was sought by the earlier alchemists much more eagerly than was the stone in its transmuting properties, but it faded into discredit sooner: the avarice of mankind proved stronger than their love of existence; or perhaps we should say, the great disproof death was more convincing in his arguments than the obstinacy of metallic ores. Gold might be "exhibited" by astute contrivances where honest means of fabricating it had failed; no deceit could "exhibit" life in the individual whose hour of fate had really come.

To hit upon the right composition of the greater magisterium, whether as a medicine or a transmuter of metals, was, then, the primary aim and end of alchemy throughout. To decompose all metals into their primitive constituents, so as to ascertain the relative value of each, and to learn how to recombine them in certain specific proportions, was a necessary part of the process, and hence resulted the inestimable service rendered by alchemy to true science,—the establishment of the principles of chemical analysis. As to the nature and properties of the wonder-working stone, nothing can be more vague, contradictory, and hyperbolic than the reports of professed adepts on the subject. Either they sought to disguise their conscious ignorance by allegorical language, or they pretended to make a mystery of some simple and inefficacious process; or thinking they really had, or were in the way of gaining, the secret, they tried to mystify those who might perchance have followed up their indications too cleverly. This allegorical jargon may be instanced by a quotation from the verses dedicatory of George Ripley, Canon of Bridlington, the English alchemist, addressed to King Edward IV. He sums up his lore as follows:—

This natural process, by help of craft then consummate,
Dissolveth the *Elixir* in its unctuous humiditie,
Then in *balneo of Mary* together let them circulate,
Like new honey or oil, till they perfectly thicked be:
Then will that medicine heal all manner infirmity,
And turn all metals to *Sonne* and *Moone* most perfectly;
Then shall ye have both great *Elixir* and *aurum potabile*,
By the grace and will of God, to whom be laud eternally.

Mark the pious sentiment with which Ripley concludes. It is a notable circumstance that from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century the pursuit of alchemy was closely connected with the religious sentiment, or, at all events,

professed such connection. Its prominent advocates then, and, indeed, to a later date, were wont to speak of themselves as devout investigators of the truths of God discoverable in the marvels of Nature—discoverable only by the pure and patient. They claimed for their pursuit the same religious dignity which Christians of the "broad" school in modern theology are bold to claim for scientific study, on the ground that the God of Revelation is also the God of Nature, and speaks to man by the one mode as well as by the other. Their expressions are often noble and elevated. Hear Johannes Strangunere, in his dying injunctions to his son, in 1432: "Upon the salvation of thy soul do not forget the poor; and in any case look well to thyself, that thou do not disclose the secrets of this science to any covetous worldly man." In Faber's *Propugnaculum Alchymie*, published in 1644, we have the religious theory of the science thus stated: "The stone of the philosophers is, by all the authors who have treated of it, esteemed to be the greatest gift of God on earth. . . . As therefore it is so great and mighty a gift of God, the most necessary thing in order that man should attain to a knowledge of its excellence and worth, is wisdom which is bestowed by God on very few." And Michael Sandivogius, a Polish adept early in the seventeenth century, reputed author of *A New Light of Alchymie*, taken out of the Fountain of Nature and Manual Experience, as the English translation has it, writes thus: "Thou, therefore, that desirest to attain to this art, in the first place put thy whole trust in God thy creator, and urge Him by thy prayers, and assuredly believe that he will not forsake thee; for if God shall know that thy heart is sincere, and thy whole trust is put in Him, He will, by one means or another, show thee a way and assist thee in it, that thou shalt obtain thy desire." There is piety, too, in the reason given by this same Sandivogius why the adepts, who have learnt how to circumvent death, chose not to perpetuate their existence on earth: "Now I do not wonder," he says, when describing the glorious effects of the elixir, "as before I did, why philosophers, when they have attained to this medicine, have not cared to have their days prolonged, because every philosopher hath the life to come so clearly before his eyes as thy face is seen in a glass." Ben Jonson's impostor acted the character well:—

He, honest wretch,
A notable superstitious good soul,
Has worn his knees bare and his slippers bald,
With prayer and fasting for it. . . Here he comes—
Not a profane word afore him—'tis poison!

In the early Middle Ages it is notorious that not only many good and pious men, but many of the highest intellects, pursued the delusive science, and had the popular repute of being "Spagirie sages," or adepts in its mysteries. Roger Bacon, Albertus Magnus, St. Thomas Aquinas, are the heroes of many fantastic legends. And, indeed, for a long period it was chiefly by clerics, and by monkish clerics, that it was cultivated. In the dreamy solitudes of the cloister, where man's restless imagination so

often revenged itself for the restrictions laid on active life, many a tonsured inmate bent over crucible and bellows, "nursing his eternal hope,"* and praying devoutly for illumination from on high. But enthusiasm and imposture are ever close at hand; and what is more strange, the borderland between them is perilously ill defined. A liar has been known to lie himself into belief of his own inventions: a fanatic, in his overweening desire for the realization of his dreams, will wilfully forget that evidence needs fact for its basis. The wild stories that spring up like a tangle of weeds round the fame of every alchemical philosopher of the Middle Ages leave one in amaze both at the credulity and the untruthfulness of our far-off ancestors; and yet might not a glance nearer home suffice to humble those who have lived in the days of table-rapping and spiritualistic séances? The biographies of the earlier alchemists have been largely recorded by the French writers, Naudé and Lenglet du Fresnoy. We will mention a few of them, but our chief business is with later and less hackneyed instances. Among the most famous were Artephius, of the twelfth century, who wrote a treatise on the preservation of life, on the credit of his own experience, being professedly, at the time of writing, in the thousand-and-twenty-fifth year of his age; and who used quietly to settle every disputed question of ancient history by the irrefragable plea of personal testimony. Arnold de Villeneuve, in the thirteenth century, commonly called Villanovanus, was the reputed author of a recipe for the prolongation of life some hundred years or so, by means of carefully prepared plasters and nostrums. Pietro d'Apone, his contemporary, worked unheard-of wonders with his seven familiar spirits, and used to conjure gold back into his Fortunatus's wallet the moment he had made a disbursement. Greater than any of these was Raymond Lulli, of Majorca, the "enlightened doctor," and author of the philosophical *Ars Lulli*, who set up a laboratory at Westminster and filled the coffers of one of our Edwards to the tune of six millions of rose nobles; though indeed some rationalising authorities ventured to say it was by inducing the King to lay a tax upon wool, and not by transmuting metals, that he worked *that* miracle. Nicholas Flamel, a poor Parisian scribe, extracted the secret from a mysterious MS. after twenty years of painful study. Were not the fourteen hospitals, three chapels, and seven churches that he built, restored, or endowed, indisputable evidence of the validity of his claims to the possession of the gold-making stone? What if the incredulous, even in his own time, whispered that he was a miser and a usurer, that he extorted his pelf from Spanish Jews, and was a general money-lender to the dissipated youth of Paris? Avaunt, such ignoble calumnies!

If the hermetic science bore on the whole a "holy and harmless" character among the inquiring intellects of the thirteenth century, already, in the fourteenth, the quest after the secret of inexhaustible riches had induced a spirit of rivalry and deception which caused serious incon-

* BACON (of Verulam): "The alchemist nurses an eternal hope."

veniences to society. It is to be remarked that the early alchemists invariably went by the name of "philosophers;" the term "gold-makers" was applied in later times and in a derogatory sense. Many Popes and other potentates sought to make the practice of "multiplication," as it was sometimes termed, penal. But in vain: "multipliers" multiplied. Coins and medals were minted from what at all events passed for fabricated gold, to the great detriment of commercial interests. Henry IV. of England issued a stringent prohibition of the practice. The God-fearing Henry VI. eagerly encouraged it, repealing his grandfather's statute, and exhorting all classes of his subjects to search for the secret in the spirit of loyalty, for the replenishment of his coffers; his characteristic piety coming out in the special charge to the clergy, as being undoubtedly possessed of the power of transmuting substances in one way, and therefore more likely perhaps to succeed in the other. Edward IV. patronized the art. So did poor Charles VI. of France, in his slighty, impulsive way. One of the occupants of the Holy See had the credit of being an alchemist, Pope John XXII., whose bulls issued against the pretenders to the art were perhaps intended to warn off rivals. The eighteen millions of treasure which he was said to have left behind him was the current argument adduced to prove him an adept; the evidence of the fact perhaps as little trustworthy as the inference.

Weird fancies have always found a congenial atmosphere within the breast of the Teuton; and it was most conspicuously by German emperors and princes that the Spagiric art—so called in fact from a Teutonic word, *spähen*, to search—was cultivated or patronized. During the fifteenth century it came to be professed by a number of adventurers, "wandering alchemists" as they were styled, who strolled from court to court, sometimes gaining great political influence over their patrons, as, for instance, Hans von Dörnberg did over the Landgrave of Hesse; sometimes experiencing the tragic fate of those who sink from great men's favour by a too daring swimming on bladders. The first personage of pre-eminent degree who kept a regular "court alchemist" was Barbara, wife of the Emperor Sigismond. She had been instructed, so the story goes, by a wandering sage how to make silver out of copper and arsenic, and to increase the substance of gold by the addition of copper and silver. This metal, on which, at all events, imperial power could pass the *fiat* of currency, she benevolently sold to the poor as genuine metal. The Margrave John of Brandenburg was so great a proficient in the labours of the crucible, that he was surnamed "the Alchemist," and his residence at the Plassenburg, near Culmbach, was a head-quarter of the profession. His fame, however, was outdone in the following century by that of the Emperor Rudolph II., whose sobriquets were "the Prince of Alchemy" and "the German Hermes Trismegistus." His superstitious dreams, which cost the empire dear at a time when intellect and energy were required to steer her through her troubles, gave an impetus to "gold-cookery" throughout his dominions such as it never received before or after. Adepts fought out their envious

rivalries at his court. His poet laureate sung of the alchemical processes as of the conflict of allegorical powers in an heroic strife. Here Dee and Kelly, the English mountebanks, dropped down for a while on their erratic course. Here Van Helmont was eagerly invited. Here Sandivogius was treated sumptuously, and honoured with the title of Councillor of State. Equally zealous with Rudolph, as a student of the art and patron of its professors, was Augustus, Elector of Saxony, who had a laboratory at Dresden, popularly called the Gold House; while his wife, the Electress Anna, practised at Annaburg, and his son and successor, Christian, grew up under their eyes a sharer in the family taste. It was this Christian to whose reign belongs the story of Setonius Scotus (Seaton the Scot), *alias* the "Cosmopolite," which affords a striking illustration of the precarious conditions of an alchemist's life and fortunes in those days. Setonius professed to have mastered the mystery of gold-making; and the proof he gave of his art, in the presence of the Elector Christian, on one occasion, so greatly impressed that prince's mind, that he caused the luckless adept to be forthwith carried off and imprisoned in a high tower at Dresden, where no one else could get at him to learn his secret, and where a fair field might be left for the Elector's own efforts. He visited his prisoner himself and tried persuasion. Setonius was dumb. Then he employed torture. The poor "Cosmopolite" was racked till within an ace of death. Still no confession: and as it would not do to kill the goose with the golden eggs outright, Seaton was left to linger in the tower, alternately soothed and tormented. One day, by special favour, a Polish visitor was allowed to have access to him. This was Michael Sandivogius, to whom more than once we have already made allusion: he was then a student only, not an adept, in alchemy; he listened eagerly to Seaton's promises of golden reward should he help him to effect his escape. A plan was laid, and successfully executed: the fugitives reached Cracow, but there the strength of Seaton, harassed by long torture and privation, broke down. The cathedral church of Cracow received his remains in 1604.

The experience of poor Alexander Seaton was that of many others of his class. The conduct of princes towards the alchemists was, in fact, much like the old fable of the sun and wind. It was a question whether fair means or foul means, favours or tortures, would be most likely to wring the secret out of a man who boasted of carrying it in his breast. More was demanded of the luckless "multipliers" than they were able to perform. "Fill my coffers," was the cry of some needy duke or landgrave; "give me money to pay my troops, to feast my retainers." Well was it if he did not let his fancy launch forth into the gorgeous visions of Sir Epicure Mammon,—

My meat shall all come in in Indian shells,
Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies:
Boiled in the spirit of Sol, and dissolved pearl,
Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsy;
And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber
Headed with diamond and carbuncle.

The adventurer, if he had any credit to trade upon, might say, "Give me time to mature my experiments—a little more, and the secret is won." He might thus linger on, well tended and trusted for a while; or should his credit fail, he might be dismissed in disgrace, to go to another petty court, and get "boarded and lodged" for another term of promise and imposture. On the other hand, if desperately pressed, and confident in his own ingenuity, he might proceed to experiment. Then, if he broke down, he might perchance be hung as an impostor,—hung in a tinsel-spangled garment, beneath a mocking superscription, like that placed over an unhappy victim at Culmbach, who had boasted of having acquired the much-coveted subsidiary art of fixing quicksilver:—

I deemed of fixing mercury I had acquired the knack :
But things have gone by contraries, and I am fixed, alack ! *

The curious tale of Böttger, or Bötticher, the originator of the Dresden porcelain manufacture, belongs to a comparatively late period in the annals of alchemy. It is worth relating as one of the remarkable instances where the search after the philosopher's stone led by side-doors to real and valuable discoveries. Bötticher was an apothecary's apprentice at Berlin, in the time of Frederick I. King of Prussia (1701-1713). He boasted of having received a bit of the genuine stone from a Greek named Lascaris, and of having done marvellous things with it in the way of transmutation. The King expressed his desire to judge personally of his pretensions. Bötticher was by no means inclined to stand the trial, and crossed the borders to Wittenberg. His sovereign lord demanded his extradition by the Saxon Government. It was refused: and the garrison of Wittenberg was strengthened for fear of a surprise; while, for greater security, the valuable emigrant was transferred to Dresden. Here he somehow satisfied the Prince von Fürstenberg, who was governing in the Saxon King's absence, that he really could make gold. The King, Augustus II., wrote to him in the most deferential terms, made him a nobleman, and, with all marks of respect, stowed him away in his strong tower of Königstein, where he was assiduously watched, in the hope of winning his secret from him in some unguarded moment. However, not to anger him, and thus defeat the royal hopes, he was allowed to return to Dresden, in a sort of honourable captivity, while freedom and additional rewards were promised him should he give up the required recipe. He actually signed a contract to that effect, and was accordingly guarded, if possible, more carefully, and treated more sumptuously, than ever. He was looked upon as a precious jewel of the crown; and when a hostile invasion soon threatened, he was transferred, with the other treasures of royalty, once more to the Königstein. Meanwhile, three years passed, and his contract was not fulfilled. The King waxed impatient. Bötticher had gone on experimenting, in the desperate hope of being able to make

* "Ich war, zwar wie Mercur wird fix gemacht, bedacht :
Doch hat sich's umgekehrt, und ich bin fix gemacht ! "

good his pretensions, but gold would not come at his bidding. He might, perchance, have been hung with ignominy, like so many of his predecessors ; but, luckily for him, a really important discovery had emerged out of some of his manipulations. He now ventured to confess to the King that he never *had* made gold, nor knew how to do so, but offered his Majesty the results of his porcelain invention instead. Augustus swallowed his mortification, and forgave him, placing him at the head of the Dresden porcelain-works, so famous in after years ; but to the day of his death, which occurred in 1719, the recalcitrant alchemist was carefully watched, lest perchance some more valuable secret might escape him. The casual discoveries made by alchemists would fill many volumes of science and industrial history. Thus Roger Bacon stumbled by a chance on the composition of gunpowder ; Geber, on the properties of acids ; Van Helmont, on the nature of gas, "geist," or "spirit," so named by him ; and Dr. Glauber, of Amsterdam, in the seventeenth century, eliminated in this haphazard way the uses of the "salts" which bear his name.

Paracelsus and Van Helmont are the greatest names connected with alchemy in the sixteenth century. The pompous charlatanry of Paracelsus gave impulse to its subsequent development under the forms of Rosicrucianism, whose secret societies and freemasonry occupied the fancy of mankind so much in the seventeenth century. In Germany, the natural tendency of men to mysticism was greatly assisted by the barbarizing effects of the Thirty Years' War. As in literature, so in science : culture was absolutely repressed, and made retrograde by the singular desolations of the gloomy period from 1618 to 1648. This was conspicuously shown in the department of jurisprudence. Dr. Erdmann has collected some curious cases of law decisions resting on the theories of alchemy as evidence. It seems not to have been till late in the seventeenth century, however, that an Austrian jurist, Von Rain, went so far as to assert that disbelief in the existence of the stone actually brought a man within the penalties of *lèse-majesté*, on the ground that so many emperors had undoubtedly performed transmutations by its agency.

As early as 1580 the Leipsic tribunals pronounced judgment against an unhappy wretch called Beuther, body-chemist of that Augustus, Elector of Saxony, of whom we have already had occasion to speak. Beuther was reputed to possess certain valuable MSS. treating of "special transmutations," *i.e.* the transmutation of some one particular metal, which, having promised on oath to impart to certain other persons, he had afterwards declined to give up ; besides having been culpably negligent in his official capacity. He was adjudged to be undoubtedly in possession of THE SECRET, and sentenced accordingly to be tortured for its extraction ; then, for his official negligence, to be scourged with rods ; for his perjury to his comrades, to lose three of his fingers ; finally, for the good of the land, to be shut up securely in prison, lest he might be tempted to tell his secret to foreign potentates.

As late as the year 1725 there was a curious case of litigation before

the same court at Leipsic. A certain Countess von Erbach had given shelter in her castle to a reputed robber, who was flying from justice. This robber turned out to be an adept in alchemy, and a robber only out of, as it would seem, most superfluous amateurship. In the excess of his gratitude to his benefactress, he turned all her silver plate into gold. But here the Countess's husband stepped in, and claimed half of the treasure, on the plea that the increase of value had been effected on his territory, and under the matrimonial conditions as to property. The Leipsic lawyers decided against him, saying that, as the plate had been recognized as belonging solely to the Countess prior to the transmutation, so it must be her exclusive property afterwards, under whatever changes it might have passed.

It was a not uncommon point of law whether alchemical gold, which was not capable of being distinguished from original gold, was to be held of equivalent value or not; the doubt being, in the true mystic phraseology, whether it could possess the same hidden or innate powers. Special treatises were written on the subject of the coins supposed to have been struck from alchemical metal. As late as 1797, a large medal was shown at Vienna, purporting to be minted from the gold made out of quicksilver by the Emperor Ferdinand III., through virtue of a grain of red powder given him by one Richthausen, at Prague. Nothing is more characteristic of the strange history of this science than the important part played in it by "Unknowns"—weird, mysterious visitors, who are stated to have appeared here and there as unexpectedly as Maturin's incomparable bogie, "Melmoth the Wanderer," and to have vanished as unaccountably—men who, if the theory of the science were true, might have wielded more than the power of the united Rothschild family, and emulated the splendours of Monte Cristo, yet who came and went poor and haggard, and left no trace behind. Such was the "Unknown" who appeared to the philosophic Dr. Helvetius, body-physician to a Prince of Orange, in the seventeenth century, and converted him from incredulity to the most enthusiastic belief. This Unknown came into the Doctor's study one day, in the shape of a respectable burgher of North Holland, and drew from his pocket a small ivory box, containing three heavy pieces of metal, brimstone-coloured and brittle, from which Helvetius scraped a small portion with his thumb-nail. The stranger declined performing any feat of transmutation himself, saying he was "not allowed" to do so. Helvetius experimented in vain with the parings he had scraped off; but on a second visit the mysterious burgher proved more compliant, and, after helping Helvetius to a successful operation, he left him in possession of certain directions by means of which he contrived to change six ounces of lead into very pure gold when alone. The Hague rang with the fame of his exploit; and the operation was successfully repeated in presence of the Prince of Orange. Moreover, the gold was examined by the authorities of the Mint, and pronounced genuine. At last the magic powder was exhausted, and, as the

Unknown never visited him again, Dr. Helvetius was compelled to bring his experiments to an end. But he published in 1667 a learned work, called the *Golden Calf*, maintaining the truth of the doctrines he had once derided; and the sceptical philosopher Spinoza averred, after strict inquiry into the truth of the events narrated, that the evidence of that case of transmutation was sufficient to make a convert of himself.

Another picturesque tale current among the records of Continental alchemy is that of Professor Martini of Helmstadt, who died in 1621, and was a supercilious foe of the art in the early part of his career, strenuously contesting in his lectures the arguments adduced in its behalf. The "Unknown" in this case was a foreign nobleman, who had just arrived at Helmstadt, and took his place one day in the lecture-hall. After listening for awhile to Martini's self-satisfied expositions, he courteously interrupted the lecturer, offering to refute his opinions experimentally. A pan of coals, a crucible, and some lead, were brought in at his desire. A short manipulation ensued; and lo! the lead had acquired the form and substance of fine gold, which the nobleman handed over to the astounded professor with the modest words, "*Solve mihi hunc syllogismum!*"

Dr. Erdmann cites Van Helmont's testimony to the existence of the philosopher's stone as one of the most difficult to treat with contempt, on account of the unquestionable integrity and scientific sagacity of the inquirer. Van Helmont loved truth with sincere devotion. A Brabant nobleman by birth, he renounced his rank and possessions to turn physician, to study nature, and do good works. His discoveries in medicine are of lasting value. He never professed to give alchemy more than a second place in his interest; yet he avers that in 1618 he himself changed eight ounces of quicksilver into pure gold by means of a substance given him from time to time by an unknown visitor. He never learnt the secret of making the stone himself, but he describes it as a heavy powder of the colour of saffron, glittering like rather coarse-grained glass.

In the seventeenth century the fantastic doctrines of Paracelsus fertilized in men's minds to all sorts of extravagant outgrowths. The English quacks, Fludd, Dee, and Kelly, the German mystic Jacob Böhme, were noted Rosicrucians of that period. Men now took to binding themselves into societies for the prosecution of their occult researches, instead of, as heretofore, brooding over them in solitary devotion. The "Alchemical Society" of Nuremberg was extant in 1700, and one of its members, and its secretary for a time, was Leibnitz!

Leibnitz and Spinoza! strange names to bring into connection with this science of the superstitious. Yet Bacon of Verulam did not disbelieve in alchemy, though to him we are first indebted for the excellent application of the old fable of the dying man's will and the field to be dug over in search of the treasure which never existed save in the fertilizing process of culture. Robert Boyle is also cited as having faith

in its pretensions. The last professed adept in England was one James Price, who, in 1782, announced himself the possessor of a tincture which could change from thirty to sixty times its weight into gold.

Semler, the well-known theological professor at Halle in the last century, was a rotary of alchemy. The story of his performances before the incredulous chemist, Klaproth, may be given as illustrative of the trickery of which experimenters were oftentimes the dupes, and by means of which at least as often—though not in this case—they established their pretensions. In the year 1786 Dr. Semler and one Baron von Hirschen occupied themselves with preparing a Universal Medicine, called by them “Luft Salz,” atmospheric salts. Three treatises on “Hermetic Medicine” were composed in relation to it by Semler, and he went beyond the original pretensions of the medicine, asserting that gold could be made by means of it in well-warmed glasses, without the intervention of crucible or coals. He got into a lively discussion with the leading chemists of the day, and at last submitted to Klaproth, for his own use, a mass of metal which he said contained the seeds of gold. To Klaproth’s ill-success in making these “seeds” germinate, Semler could only reply that he found a residuum of gold in his glasses every five or six days. On close examination it was discovered that a trick had been played upon him. Some subordinates to whom he had entrusted the task of warming his glasses had contrived to insert a small quantity of gold leaf. It was worth their while, as the sanguine philosopher kept them well fed and lodged. At last, however, they tried the substitution of baser material, pinchbeck, and this led to their detection.

Father Kircher openly challenged the belief in alchemy in his *Subterranean World*, published about 1670. He did not scruple to call the alchemists knaves and impostors, and their science a delusion. Great was the storm he drew down upon himself thereby. Dr. Glauber of the “salts” was one of his antagonists. A still more elaborate refutation was that made by M. Geoffroy before the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, in 1722, wherein he was at the pains to show the various modes of trickery by which alchemical pretensions were sustained: false-bottomed crucibles, hollow wands filled with gold, perforated lead, soldered nails, &c. By degrees the credit of the science hopelessly declined, although daring impostors shot like meteors ever and anon athwart the sober pathway of modern life. Thus Louis XIII. of France made a Franciscan monk named Châtaigne his grand almoner because he had held before him the prospect of a hundred years’ reign by means of the grand elixir. Thus Jean de Lisle expiated by an early death in the Bastille his bold attempts to persuade the Ministers of Louis XIV. that he possessed the gold-making stone; and thus the adventures of the Count de St. Germain, and of Cagliostro, rested mainly on their claims to the possession of the talisman either of long life or of unbounded wealth.

As we said at the outset of our article, the publication of Lavoisier’s system was the real death-blow to the study of alchemy, by pointing out

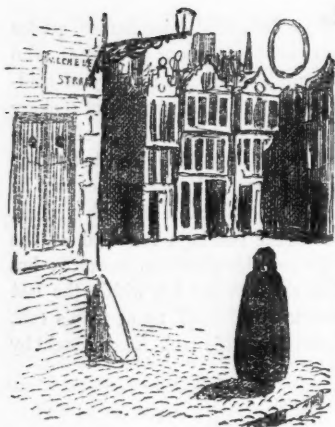
the veritable objects and achievements of chemical induction, and the road by which further progress was to be accomplished.

The hopeless gyrations of the baffled science, ever circling back to its first beginning, and making no advance in its gains and experiences, did, at last, after many busy ages, cease to attract intelligent minds. While we review its promises and its destinies, how profound a human pathos seems to attach to those stately words of Paracelsus, which, doubtless, comforted the heart of many a patient plodder over air-drawn inferences: "Refuse not the waters of Shiloah because they go softly: for they that wade in deep waters cannot go fast."

Isaac Disraeli, in more than one of his delightful miscellanies, quotes the prophecy of Dr. Girtanner of Leipsic, not far from our own times, who presaged that in the course of the nineteenth century the mystery of gold-making would surely be discovered, and the commonest utensils of cookery would come to be made of the precious metal, whereby all evils of metal-poisoning through the use of corroded vessels would be averted. The nineteenth century is far advanced on its downward slope, and it cannot be said that as yet any symptoms appear of the realization of such visions. The Stone is still to seek, if it be worth the seeking; the alkahest, the universal dissolver, remains a myth; the crucible yields no treasure; but in one way the "eternal hope" has had an answer: for, within the last thirty years, the shining prize has learnt to yield itself up at man's call, with a fulness far surpassing the harvests of Spagiric fable, when sought by spade and mattock in its native ores.

The Courtyard of the Ours d'Or.

PART I.



ON a hot August morning, in a quaint old Flemish city, the sun shone brightly into the courtyard of the Ours d'Or.

Earlier in the morning the sun had vainly tried to creep in through the low-browed arch that gave entrance to the Inn from the little Place outside; but it could not succeed in reaching farther than midway up the broad vaulted passage, which had Clémence's parlour and her father's counting-house on the left, and the kitchen on the right. The sunshine, however, had no mind to be baffled by the whim of the old grey stones, soon climbed

high enough to peep over the quaint roofs of the rambling building, and poured thence an intense glow of golden warmth into the courtyard at the end of the passage.

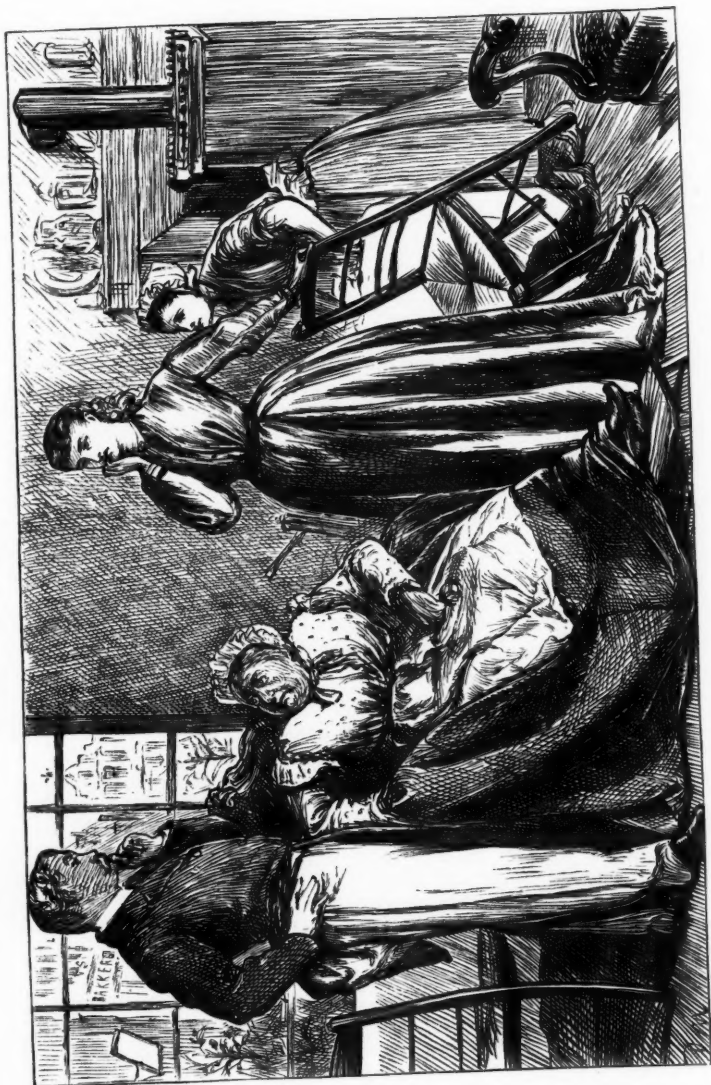
The splash-plash of a little fountain tinkled merrily in the sudden brilliance, gold-fish darted to the surface of the water to warm themselves, and the leaves of the tree-fuchsias round and about showed prism-dyed through the sparkling water-drops.

It was only a small square court, planted like a garden, and overlooked on three sides by the inn-windows. It was bordered by rustic arbours, with vines clambering over them: in these of afternoons pipes were smoked, and beer and coffee drunk by round-faced Belgians. Just now all was as fresh and well ordered as if no one but the gardener had access there.

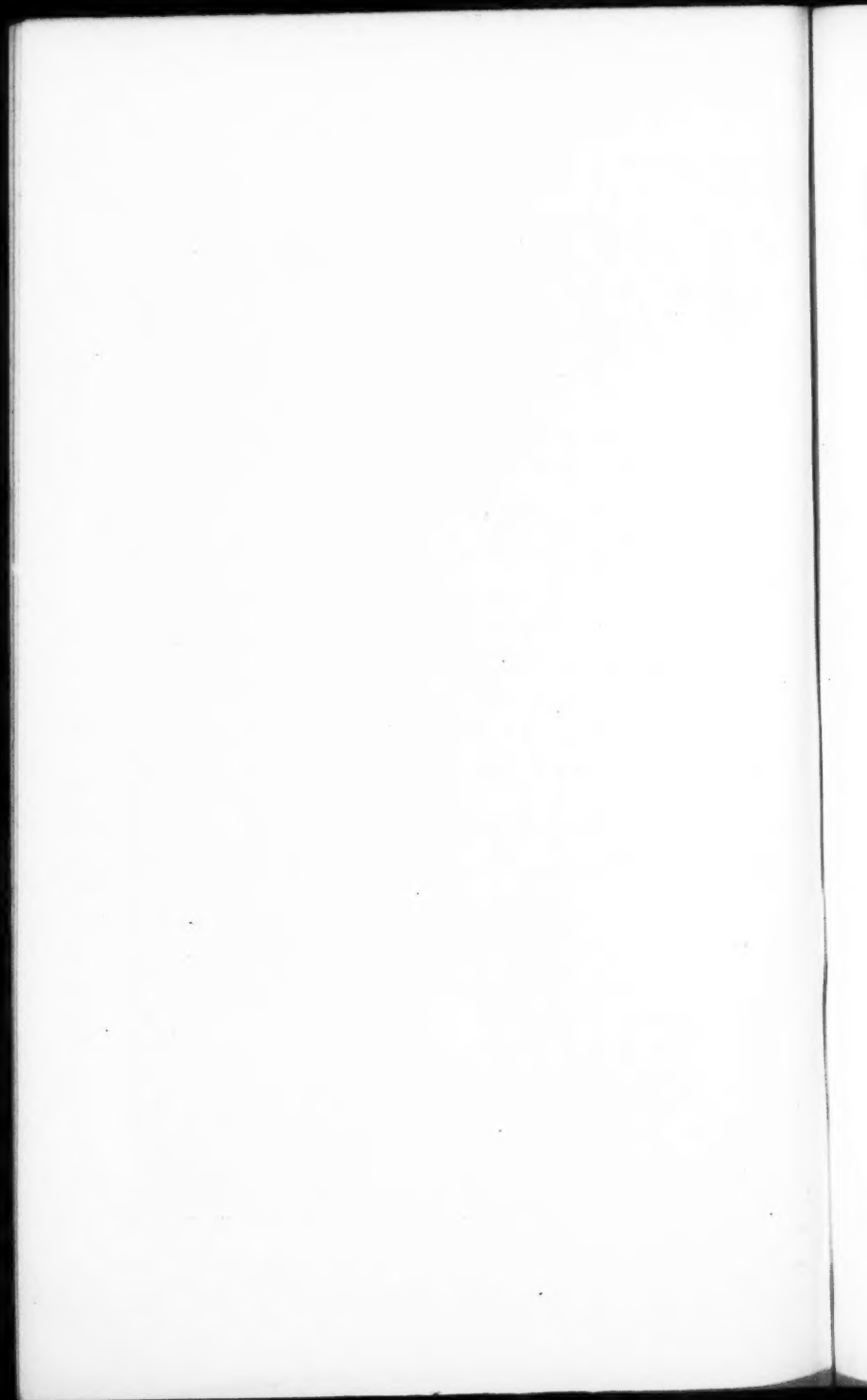
Canaries hung in these arbours. They sang out loudly as the sunshine gilded their cages.

But for the noisy birds and a few peacock butterflies darting their glowing colours in and out among the tall fuchsias, the courtyard basked in the sunshine in its own still fashion. The small round paving-stones grew hotter and hotter till the spray of the fountain dried as it reached them.

It seemed a scene waiting for an actor to move across it.



"I AM THINKING OF LEAVING YOU TO-DAY, MADAME."



There was a glass door between the two arbours that faced the arched passage; it opened, and old Madame de Vos came forward into the courtyard.

"Tiens, tiens! it is a heat to stifle." The old woman waddled across to the shade of the passage as fast as she could, pulling the large hood of her straightly falling black cloak over her primly quilled cap, till she left visible only the snowy muslin strings.

"Elodie, Elodie! where, then, is Mademoiselle?"

No answer coming, Madame advanced to the kitchen-door. It stood open, and through it glowed a dull red heat, worse than the blaze of the courtyard, for this heat reflected itself again with interest from the brass pans and pots and kettles glittering in every corner.

Inside this kitchen all things shone hotly except Elodie's face: a pale thin countenance on a small erect body. She wore just the same sort of snowy cap that Madame de Vos did, tied under her peaked chin; but here all likeness ended. The bulky dame who filled up the doorway would have made four of the slight active cuisinière of the Ours d'Or.

"Pouf! was there ever such a heat?" Flat-faced, pink Madame de Vos turned up her blue eyes as if they too suffered.

"Madame has no need to come into it," Elodie spoke gravely over one shoulder, and went on trussing her fowls.

"Where is Mamselle Clémence? I want her."

"Here I am, bonne maman! What wilt thou?"

Opposite the kitchen were three entrances to the house: the largest, that in the centre, opened into the inn itself: on each side of it were Monsieur's counting-house and Mademoiselle's parlour. Clémence's voice came from this last doorway.

"Come to me, child; and then Elodie can hear the news at the same time. Ah, ma foi! that all the affairs of the family should be thrust on my shoulders!"

At the word "news," Elodie turned round sharply. Her sunken grey eyes were full of eager interest, and as Clémence crossed over a soft flush had risen on her cheek, and a glad dancing light sparkled in the large thoughtful eyes.

A minute ago you would scarcely have called Clémence pretty: she was too pale, and her grey eyes had wanted colour till the blush on her cheek made them glow.

"The *Sœur Marie*, thy aunt at Bruges, is ill, and the Superior asks that one of her people should go to the Hospice with speed. It would kill me, as thou knowest, Clémence, to travel with such a heat; besides, how could I quit the Ours d'Or when thy father is not there? It is thou, Clémence, who must obey this summons."

The liquid eyes drooped, the soft colour faded: for a moment the girl stood silent, her lips parted, her hands clasped together.

"Well?" This came very impatiently from Madame.

"Bonne maman!"—the warm blood came rushing into Clémence's face,

and the words were spoken quickly—"I cannot go; thou knowest why I wish to stay at home. Louis said to-day or to-morrow he may arrive at any moment, and I—I have not seen him for so long. Why cannot Rosalie go to Bruges?"

"Rosalie! Rosalie is a child; of what use to send her?"

"But we are not sent for to be useful," Clémence pleaded, her tender wistful eyes fixed on her grandmother's stolid face. "The good *sœurs* love the aunt too well to yield any care of her to a stranger; it is only that she may see one of her own people again. Bonne maman, I have not seen la tante Marie for so—so long, she will not recognize me. Rosalie has not left her these five years,—she loves Rosalie,—send her, bonne maman; how could I be absent when Louis arrives?"

The sweet imploring voice might have touched Madame de Vos's heart through all the pink fat which enveloped it but that she hated contradiction; and also for the reason that Clémence had looked while she spoke more than ever like her dead mother. There was the same slender bending figure, the same transparent skin and dark hair, and above all, that same strange earnestness in the eyes, and resolute fervent spirit which had in days gone by so bewildered Madame when she looked at her son's wife. For Madame de Vos came of a pure Flemish stock—physique and morale were alike solid and stolid. In her family no one had ever been slender, or poor, or dark haired; and she had felt herself aggrieved when Auguste de Vos, her eldest son—the landlord of the flourishing Ours d'Or—had married Clémence de Trudin, the orphan daughter of a poor French gentleman.

What could he expect of such a transparent unusual-looking creature but that which had come to pass? For only a year ago the younger Madame de Vos had died of decline: a disease mainly caused, so said her mother-in-law, by a dislike of eating and drinking and a love of books. She died, and left her sorrowing, idolizing husband with four children.

Clémence was twenty-two, and it seemed to Auguste de Vos that she could take her mother's place in the management of her two little brothers; but before he could rouse himself to settle anything he got an imperative summons to visit his mother at Louvain.

"Of what canst thou be thinking then, Auguste?" she had asked. "Is not Clémence fiancée to the Lieutenant Louis Scherer? and who shall say how soon he may purchase his discharge, and come home and marry her? and then, *ma foi*, what will happen? and the child Rosalie so beautiful and but sixteen years old? Will it be convenable, I ask thee, my son, to bring up such a child in the Ours d'Or with no better mentor than Elodie? Bah—that is what it is to be a man!"

When a man has loved his wife dearly—so dearly that life and everything belonging to it have lost all interest or flavour without her—he is easily managed; and Auguste de Vos, after a few more maternal harangues, began to see that it might be well for his girls that their grandmother should come to the Ours d'Or. Naturally he did not call to

mind his mother's faults; they had met seldom since his marriage; and his wife had rarely grieved him by repeating the petty unkindnesses she had endured during the old lady's visits. For Madame de Vos had never forgiven the dark-eyed gentle wife her want of fortune; and now, as she looked at Clémence, the old dislike grew strong,—a dislike which had been intensified by her son's blind devotion to his wife.

"Just like her mother!" and then aloud and severely, "Clémence, you speak follies; you are the eldest, and you must go."

"And why does any one go?" said Elodie, standing erect, with her hands behind her. "The patron will be home to-night; he will go in the morning to Bruges, and he will take Mamselle Rosalie, and she can stay with the Sœur Marie; there, it is settled."

"But no; thou art not a mother, Elodie; thou canst not comprehend the feelings of a mother. My daughter, my Marie, must not be kept waiting for the selfishness of a love-sick girl. Fi donc, Clémence, when I was young, my lovers came after me; they waited my pleasure, I did not wait for them. I am ashamed of thee."

Clémence kept back a hasty answer, but her eyes flashed.

The old lady walked away to the parlour.

"It is too unjust, too hard; if my father were but at home!"

The words were said to herself, but Elodie read them in her face. She put her lean brown hand tenderly on the young girl's shoulder.

"Go, my child, it is better; the *bonne maman* could go herself as to that; we can do without her; but if the Sœur Marie should be worse, thou wouldst then sorrow at not having obeyed the summons. Go at once; who knows but that thou mayest come back this evening."

But the savour of the various stew-pans on the charcoal stoves within warned Elodie that she must return to her duties; and besides, in her heart the *cuisinière* thought her young mistress's anxiety excessive.

"Allons," she said cheerfully; "Monsieur Louis will not arrive to-day, I am sure of it; the sooner thou art gone, my child, the sooner home." And she went back to the stew-pans.

Plash—plash, went the jewelled drops of the fountain, the canaries sang loudly, the gold-fish seemed to be listening, for they came to the top of the water and opened their wide mouths as if to say "Bravo!"

The glass door opened again, but this time it was not Madame de Vos who came out into the sunshine. It was a fair, rounded, well-grown maiden, with golden hair wreathed in abundant plaits. A very sweet and blooming creature—the bloom and sweetness of seventeen, that indescribable charm of youth which fades so quickly; which a few hours of sunshine withers out of spring flowers. The tender soft blue eyes, the delicate peach-tinted cheeks, the smooth fine texture of the white throat, the firm rosy lips, all told of youth in its first freshness, and in Rosalie de Vos, of youth conscious of its own beauty and eager to try its power.

"It is nice to be at home for good," she said, and she sat herself down in

one of the arbours. "Why, I was only twelve when I went to Bruges; home is not so dull as our convent, but oh! it might be much better than it is. Why should our rooms be shut off from the rest of the house, and why does Clémence say I may never come out here after one o'clock? it is triste to be so near life and fresh faces, and for ever to be shut up with *bonne maman* and Clémence."

She yawned. It was too hot to stir out of the *arbour*, or she would have crossed over to the passage so as to look out into the *Place*.

"*Ma foi*, it is triste; at the convent I had my tasks, and they filled up time: it is all very well for Clémence, she who has a lover, and she is twenty-three! I wonder what kind of a lover he is to marry so old a fiancée? he must be ugly or stupid."

The *salle-à-manger* lay beyond the kitchen detached from the rest of the house, and could only be entered through the courtyard.

The clock struck one, and a sound of voices came up the arched passage.

"What does it matter," thought Rosalie; "Clémence is away, and my father too. I will amuse myself to-day; grandmamma never scolds me; the trellis screens me, I can see and I am not seen."

The dinner-bell pealed loudly, and in trooped guests with hungry faces, some from the inn, others from the town, for the *table-d'hôte* of the *Ours d'Or* had a reputation.

Alphonse, the stout head-waiter, asked the oldest of the guests to preside in the absence of his master, and then proceeded to compound the salad-dressing with calm solemnity.

The windows of the *salle* looked into the court and Alphonse stood facing them. Just as he was putting his finishing stroke, the vinegar, he started so suddenly that an extra spoonful, at least, flowed into the thick yellow cream of which he was so proud.

No wonder Alphonse started. With such a dinner on table as no other inn in the town could boast, an individual, a *militaire* too by his walk, instead of coming into the *salle* as fast as possible—for one course at least was served—was deliberately crossing the courtyard towards one of the arbours.

It was incredible; but in the meantime the salad was ruined.

Rosalie saw the stranger too, and she blushed. It was pleasant to feel that she was more attractive than the savoury fumes issuing from the open French windows of the *salle*. But when the visitor came up to her he bowed and begged pardon.

"I could not distinguish through the leaves, *Mademoiselle*. I mistook you for *Mademoiselle de Vos*."

He bowed, begged pardon over again, and retreated.

Rosalie was vexed.

"How comes he to know Clémence, I wonder? How handsome he is. He has come to see our father on business, and Elodie has referred him to Clémence; and yet"—she knitted her pretty eyebrows—

"Elodie knows that my sister has gone to Bruges. I must go and tell grandmamma."

She was not daring enough to cross the courtyard in full view of the *salle*, so she passed in through the glass doors, up a back staircase leading to the family sleeping-rooms, and then down another which led her to the parlour.

"Bonne maman—" here Rosalie stopped; the handsome stranger sat talking to her grandmother.

"Aha, Monsieur Louis! this is our Rosalie, the flower of our house. Rosalie, my well-beloved, this is Monsieur Scherer."

And the old lady looked from the handsome soldier to the blushing maiden. "Ma foi, what a fine couple they would make," said she to herself.

Louis Scherer thought his future sister-in-law very pretty indeed, and his looks said so. The old lady smiled approvingly, and patted Rosalie's soft pink hand as the girl stood beside her, blushing with surprise and confusion.

"You are thinking, Monsieur, that she does not resemble Clémence, and you are right. Clémence is a De Trudin, but this is a De Vos pur sang, or I might rather say a Van Rooms; she takes after my family absolutely—we have always been fair and blue-eyed. Ah, but it is sad when a race degenerates!"

But Monsieur Louis Scherer kept on looking at Rosalie as if he could never tire of her face.

"Bonne maman," said the girl softly, "hast thou told Monsieur where Clémence is?"

"Yes, yes, my angel, I have told all to Monsieur. Thy father will arrange all when he returns; and now we will eat if dinner is served."

At dinner-time Monsieur Louis began to talk to Rosalie.

"And why did I not see you before?" he asked.

"I was at the convent, and when the holidays came your regiment went away. Were you here long?" She looked up at him, but his admiring gaze made her blush again.

"Three months or so." He spoke carelessly; he had forgotten all about that far-off time since he had seen Rosalie.

"Do you write to Clémence very often?" There was a saucy tone in her voice. "Clémence will be home to-morrow," she thought, "and then he will have no time to speak to me. I shall make hay while I can."

"Often? Oh, yes, I think so," but he spoke in an indifferent manner, and pulled his fair moustache while he looked at Rosalie.

The young girl glanced at her grandmother. The heat and the dinner together had been overpowering. Madame nodded in her chair. Rosalie looked frankly up into Louis' eyes and laughed.

"Why does Mademoiselle laugh?" He drew his chair closer to hers.

"You make me laugh; I cannot help it."

He was ruffled; he asked his question again more earnestly.

"Will not Mademoiselle tell me why?"

Rosalie blushed till Scherer thought he had never seen any one so distractingly lovely.

"You will think me silly, Monsieur," she said, "but there was an old *sœur* at Bruges—la *Sœur Marthe*—and she used to talk to us about men: she said they were ogres, and she said we must beware of them, and—and——"

"And you think I am an ogre. I thank you, *Mademoiselle*."

"No, no, no. I did not say that." She pouted up her pretty lips coaxingly—she was afraid she had angered him, and she wanted him to stop and talk to her. "I only wondered," she went on archly, "whether all the men in the world look at people as hard as you looked at me just now. I thought it was perhaps for that reason la *Sœur Marthe* said they were ogres." She laughed out so merrily that he could not feel affronted.

"*Mille pardons!*" Then he bent over her and whispered, "It is your fault if I looked too much."

The glance, or the tone that went with it, flushed Rosalie's cheeks more deeply than ever; her eyes drooped, and for a minute her sauciness deserted her. It soon came back.

"But you must not call me *Mademoiselle*," she said; "it is ridiculous when we are to be brother and sister."

Louis Scherer rose up abruptly and looked out of window into the courtyard.

"Come," he said, "we will go and sit in the arbour."

"I cannot go," pouted Rosalie. "I may only sit there in the morning."

"Every morning?"

"Yes, every morning."

"I wish it were morning, then. You would laugh at me if I told you what you seemed to me sitting there just now."

"Just now; and I never guessed who you were; *ma foi!* I had imagined *Clémence's* fiancé to be a so—so different person."

"What kind of man did you imagine him?"

"And that is just what I shall not tell you, Monsieur"—she shook her pretty head saucily—"for you would then find out what I think of you now."

They were still standing together in the window, Rosalie resting her soft round arms on the cushioned ledge, and Scherer bending over her till his face nearly touched hers.

"*Hein!*" said a sharp voice, and they both started apart.

Elodie turned from them to sleepy *Madame de Vos*, who yawned and sat stiffly upright.

"I have brought these cakes," the old woman spoke gruffly. "I gave them to Alphonse, and the imbecile has forgotten them. They are the cakes *Mamselle Clémence* chooses for her *jour de fête*. So I have made them to-day for Monsieur Louis."

"Yes, yes, Elodie; thou art thoughtful. You remember Elodie, Monsieur Louis?"

The young soldier nodded at her, but the cuisinière went back to her kitchen muttering. Something had put Elodie out of temper.

Monsieur de Vos came home in the evening; he was delighted to see Clémence's lover.

When Rosalie and her grandmother went to bed, the two men sat and smoked in silence.

At last De Vos rose.

"We are both tired to-night, mon ami; we will talk business to-morrow. In your letter to me you proposed that the marriage should take place a fortnight after your return. Well, you and Clémence must fix the day between you, and leave the rest to me. I will fetch her home to-morrow."

He paused for an answer, but Louis stood silent: seemingly he was very busy putting his pipe into its case.

"Good night, Louis!" said de Vos. "I am giving you the best thing I have to give; if I had known two years ago all that was going to happen, perhaps you would not have got my consent so easily."

The tremor in the full strong voice moved the young soldier.

"I will try to deserve her," he said, holding out his hand. "Good night!"

But at breakfast-time the honest manly face of Monsieur de Vos looked clouded, and as soon as Louis Scherer made his appearance he went up to him.

"Ma foi, mon garçon! I have bad news for you. I have a letter from Clémence; she asks to stay till the end of the week with her aunt. It is possible that my sister may recover, and the presence of my good child comforts her. Still"—he smiled as he spoke—"I do not say what may happen when Clémence hears that you are really at the Ours d'Or."

"Bah! Bah!" Madame's dull round eyes opened to let her superior wisdom out. "Why need she hear it? Clémence must not be disturbed. She has promised, and she would not retract. Why then should she be disturbed? If she learns that Monsieur Louis is here she will weary to return home."

De Vos looked at Scherer. To his surprise the young soldier made no answer. In came Rosalie, fresh and blooming, full of pretty excuses for being late, as she bent down to be kissed by her grandmother.

"Paresseuse!" said the old woman fondly. "Allons, thou and I must amuse Monsieur Louis till Clémence comes home."

De Vos got up from table, and nodded smilingly to the three.

"Arrange it as you will. I must go to work; and leave you idle ones to your play. Au revoir."

Scherer looked after him with an irresolute face. Just then Elodie came to clear away breakfast, and Madame de Vos settled herself in her armchair and began on her everlasting tricôt.

The young man cleared his throat nervously, and Madame de Vos looked up at him. He must speak now, but his words came hesitatingly :—

"I am thinking of leaving you to-day, Madame; Clémence is away, and I am not wanted here. I go to Alost to see my father and my mother."

Then came a little pause, while his three listeners digested his words after their own fashion.

Elodie nodded her head approvingly. She said to herself, "Good youth; he finds no pleasure in the house now that Clémence is not in it." And she smiled as she carried away the coffee-pot and the table-cloth.

Rosalie's firm full lips pouted redder than ever. "He shall not go," she thought. "I have been counting on these four days, and I will not lose the chance of amusing myself."

The grandmother's eyes grew large and round, as the wolf's did once on a time to Red Riding Hood. "Leave us because Clémence is away? The foolish youth does not know of what he speaks. My Rosalie must open his eyes." Then she said to Louis, "Go away, do you say? But that would be too unreasonable, my dear Louis." She laid her fat hand on his coat-sleeve,—“You must not go away; my son will think that you are offended, and, *ma foi!* what do I know? it is possible that Clémence may return sooner, and then how can I explain your going away? Aha! tell me that a little!”

This fair-faced happy-looking young soldier was troubled; and trouble was a new and uncomfortable sensation. Till now he had managed to get through life without it. He had got into debt; but then his father had arranged that for him. He had always had friends in plenty among his comrades, and women had always smiled on him.

Till he saw Clémence de Vos he had sunned himself, like a butterfly, in these smiles, caring nothing for the weight that might be attached to the flattering words he gave so readily in exchange. But there was something more than a mere pretty face in the innkeeper's daughter. It may have been that the secret of her power lay in her carelessness of the flattery he had always found so successful. His captain was a distant relative of the innkeeper's wife, and took the youth with him to the Ours d'Or; and very soon after the arrival of his company in the quaint old Flemish town, Louis Scherer had asked Madame de Vos to induce her husband to consent to his betrothal to Clémence. The young soldier had a pleasant frank way with women that won through all reserve and prejudice; Auguste de Vos thought Scherer too young and frivolous a husband for his favourite child, but he could not withstand her mother's pleading, and he consented reluctantly to the long engagement.

So far Scherer's faith had stood the test. The two years were over, and he had come to claim his bride; but he was sorely troubled.

Rosalie's face had haunted him all night, and when she came down to breakfast she was still lovelier than he had pictured her—as fresh as a

morning sunbeam. He grew more and more disturbed, and when Madame de Vos called on Rosalie to help in amusing him, it seemed to him that the only refuge from so exquisitely dangerous a trial to his constancy lay in flight. He should be all right again when Clémence came back; Clémence always made him feel calm and peaceful. He looked up: Rosalie's fair head was still bent over some flowers she had been examining; it seemed to him suddenly that he was no longer troubled, and that he might just as well await Clémence's return at the Ours d'Or.

"Alphonse! Elodie!" cried Madame, "the goat! the thief! ah!" and she bustled out of the parlour into the courtyard, and charged a goat—that was diligently nibbling the vine-leaves—with the ball of worsted on the end of her knitting-pins.

PART II.

Four days passed away. On the evening of the fifth day Clémence stood once more under the grey archway of the Ours d'Or. There was on her earnest face a chastened look. In the quiet room at Bruges she had seen so much of the real beauty of life—patience, sweetness, self-denying endurance, and, above all, so cheerful and loving a conformity to ills and trials, that she asked herself now, as she stood ready to enter once more into the distractions of the outer world, which was true happiness: enjoyment to the full of the good things of this life, or the ineffable peace and joy that shone out of the pale eyes of the suffering Sœur Marie?

The sunlight had faded, but its heat lingered yet. All was still within the archway; Elodie was not in the kitchen; on the other side the parlour-door stood open; there was no one within. Clémence breathed a sigh of relief; she might muse a few moments longer, and she went on into the courtyard. There was light there still, but the birds had left off singing, the little fountain plashed quietly into the stone basin, and the gnats hummed everywhere: there was a feeling of luxury in the repose of the place.

All at once the hush was broken. A low murmuring of voices came from the arbour at the farthest end of the courtyard. Clémence looked round; the clustering vine-leaves hid the faces of the speakers, but she saw Rosalie's blue gown.

Clémence guessed that her father was the other tenant of the arbour; a childish thought came into her head.

"I will surprise them," she said. She crept noiselessly to the arbour and peered through the vine-leaves. Rosalie's head was turned away, hidden on her companion's shoulder, but his face met Clémence's gaze—it was not her father, it was Louis Scherer.

A little cry from Clémence, then a start and some confusion: it

seemed but a second, and then Louis was beside her, holding her to his heart and kissing her tenderly.

• When Auguste de Vos came in to supper Rosalie was missing.

"The poor child has a migraine," said the grandmother; "she has gone to bed. Clémence has come home."

The good father passed on into the courtyard to call in the lovers. The moon had silvered the fountain, but it was dry and silent now.

Monsieur de Vos held his daughter in a long fond embrace. He knew that in the future he could not be to her that which he had lately been, and the remembrance of her earnest watchful tenderness since his deep sorrow had come upon him thrilled in his voice and manner to-night, though he tried to speak gaily.

"Well, young folks, is the day fixed?"

Clémence linked her arm through her father's.

"We have not yet spoken of it," said Louis.

"There is no hurry, mon garçon, so far as I am concerned. You need not think we want to lose our Clémence."

He squeezed her hand fondly in his arm.

"But if Clémence will consent"—Louis spoke very fast; he seemed to be driving his words out against their will—"it will be better to keep to the old arrangement, and let our marriage be on this day fortnight."

"That is right, my lad, quite right! First pledges should never be broken; it is weak and frivolous to alter."

The brave, kind father had striven to put willingness into his voice; but the little hand lying close against his heart felt it heave, as if a strong, suppressed sob was kept in prison and wanted to get out. . . .

Rosalie came down to breakfast pale and heavy-eyed.

"You go out in the sun too much," said her father, and then he went back to his beloved newspaper. Elodie had come into the room, and there was a strange and angry significance in the glance she bestowed on Madame de Vos.

The fulness of her joy made Clémence selfish. She had no thought of any one but Louis, and she followed him out into the courtyard without even looking at Rosalie.

One comprehends that "the first-fruits" was a most precious offering. What second joy can equal the first?—the first view of mountain scenery—of the sea—the yearly joy of the first day of Spring—or the most intense of all, the first day of reunion after separation,—all these have ecstasy in them as fleeting as breath on a mirror—as the glory of the rainbow.

Clémence seemed to walk on air. As she stepped out into the flood of sunshine the birds were singing one against another, every sparklet of the fountain seemed to bid her welcome.

"Shall we go towards the old abbey?" said Louis.

She nodded, and ran away upstairs. She had hardly patience to put

on her hat and cloak; in her joy and excitement every moment robbed from the delight of his presence trebled in length.

She was hastening downstairs again when the door of her grandmother's room opened.

"Come here, Clémence; I have wool only for to-day. Thou must get me more; thou wilt pass Schmelger's magasin, in the *Marché aux Grains*; thou must not forget this. And stay, I will seek all the patterns; I must get my bags. *Tiens! tiens!* Where are they?"

Clémence answered eagerly, "Louis is waiting, *bonne maman*, and if you have enough for to-day I will manage to get you some for to-morrow, this evening. Good-by, now!" and she ran away.

An unpleasant smile came into Madame's face—

"Louis is waiting! *Ma foi!* the poor boy would be content to wait all day if he had Rosalie to talk to. How can this end? I must see how far things have gone with my sweet angel, and then I must make these foolish children happy in the way I consider best suited to them. Yes, I am the most fitting judge." And she went on rapidly with her knitting.

A cloud had come over the sunshine of Clémence's happiness when she came in from her walk, and yet she could not tell whence it came.

She stood in her little room taking off her hat. "Am I exacting," she asked herself; "do I expect too much joy from mere human life? What does this troubled longing mean?" Then a pause, while thought searched deeper; then, with a little sigh, "Have I exaggerated? in these long months of absence have I dreamed over his words and his looks till I have made them out to be more tender, more—I cannot even say what I want in them. I don't know what I miss, only something is gone." She buried her face between her small hands. "It is so ungrateful to murmur; he is very kind and thoughtful for me. Oh, what is this that has come over me—am I growing wicked?" A look of terror was in the pure earnest eyes as she suddenly raised her head and pushed her hair from her forehead. "Just now it seemed to me that he made my fatigue a pretext, and was glad to shorten our walk, because he was tired of me—or is it this,"—a calmer look came into the lovely troubled face,—"*is it that all earthly joy is unsatisfactory, and this feeling is sent me thus early to wean me from desiring it?*" Again she mused: "No; even *la Sœur Marie* said I ought to think much of Louis and his love, and I must. It seems to me that he is my all—the very sun of my life; and what have I been doing—blaming him for want of love? for I suppose that is really what I mean."

She went downstairs; her troubles seemed increased rather than soothed by self-communing.

Except Rosalie every one looked grave and preoccupied—she had recovered her spirits and kept up an incessant flow of talk.

Clémence tried to be at ease, but her lover's downcast face checked her; a sort of embarrassment came when she spoke to him.

"It is fancy," she thought. "Why, my father is silent also—they are

both engaged in planning our future life. How grateful I ought to be to have a place in the thoughts of two such men. I must conquer this disquiet, or Louis will perceive it."

That night both the sisters' pillows were wet with tears.

Tears with the young Rosalie of wild grief at the injustice which was breaking her heart, and at the perfidy which could love her best and yet persist in wedding her sister. On that evening when Clémence had surprised them in the arbour—although Scherer had not actually professed to love Rosalie, he had yet drawn the ardent, indiscreet girl to a sudden half-confession of her passion for him—a passion which the poor, vehement child told herself, in the midst of her humiliation, that he had been trying his best to kindle since he first saw her. Some women would never have arrived at this knowledge; but Rosalie's over-mastering vanity saved her from the self-reproach of having sought Louis.

"I shall die of sorrow," she said, as she lay sobbing in the moonlight; "and then, perhaps, both he and Clémence will be sorry, and will come and cry over my grave."

And Clémence lay awake, too, alone in her room, with widely opened eyes, trying to regain her lost peace. What was this that had come to her? The character of all others that she had held in aversion was that of a jealous, untrusting woman. And what was she now?

And yet Clémence was not jealous. She never dreamed that her lover's faith had gone astray to another; she only felt her love was not returned, she longed for something that she missed.

Through the long night she tried to school herself with severe reproaches.

"It is not his fault," she said. "He has not changed; it is I, who love him too much. He has been going about in the world, meeting continually with fresh distractions to his thoughts; while I have stayed here brooding over the one idea till I have made an idol of it."

Tears gave no relief to the craving, restless torture. "I cannot help it," she said. "I must love as I love him now for ever." But morning brought hope with it. "It may be the very strength of his love that has changed him so. Ah! when we are married these fits of moody silence will disappear, and his frank warm nature will assert itself again. I will not think any more," she said.

She found Louis alone in her little parlour. His greeting was warmer than it had been since his first arrival.

"I am going to Alost, my Clémence, but I shall return soon, and bring my father and my mother with me."

It was hard to think of parting, but it was a relief. This little separation might help them both, and yet tears came into her eyes as she looked at her lover.

"Only for a few days," he said, but he did not smile; he looked towards the doorway, from her.

A sudden impulse mastered Clémence.

"Louis"—she clasped her hands tightly together—"do not be angry with me; it is only love that makes me speak. Are you sure you wish to be my husband?"

He stood looking at her, then a faint flush rose in his cheek.

"You are joking." He tried to laugh. "I should not have returned to claim you, Clémence, if I had not wished this."

In came Madame de Vos with Rosalie, and Clémence did not get another moment with her lover.

And when he had started for Alost, it seemed to her that she had awakened from a painful dream. How full of morbid fancies she had been. If Madame de Vos had not come in when she did, she might have worried Louis with a confession of all her doubts and misgivings. And with the relief from doubt her usual energy returned. All the important articles of her trousseau had long been ready; but there were some trifles which required her attention, and in the selection of these she wanted Rosalie's help and taste.

She went into the old lady's room to look for her sister.

"Where is Rosalie?"

"Rosalie must not be disturbed," said Madame. There was sadness in her voice, and there was anger too, but Clémence did not notice it.

"Bonne maman, I must have her to go with me to Madame Grégoire's. She has to choose her own dress, you know, and she can decide for me. No one has such a charming taste as Rosalie."

"She shall not go, I tell you." There was a tempest of passion in the grandmother's broken voice. "Clémence," she went on, "thou art a monster of selfishness. What, then, I ask thee, is it not enough that the happiness of these two hearts is for ever sacrificed to thine, but thou wouldst employ, for thy vanity, the time the poor innocent gives to her tears?"

Clémence felt sick and trembling—her grandmother's indignation brought a conviction of guilt to her timid heart; and yet she did not know her crime. The haunting shadow of these last days had come near her, and was each instant taking a more real shape; but she could not move or speak. She could only look with the earnest imploring glance which had so much power to irritate Madame de Vos.

"But, Clémence,—it is all very fine to look at me in that innocent way. Bah! thou hast been blind if thou hast not seen it."

"Blind!"—the voice was faint, and full of fear.

"Bah—bah—bah!" The old woman lashed herself into fresh anger, so as to steel her heart against the entrance that plaintive word had nearly found. "Clémence, if thou art not blind, thou art, indeed, selfish. How, then, should it happen otherwise? These two are made one for the other. Rosalie's gown for thy wedding with Louis! Her shroud more likely; for the sweet child will die of her despair."

Clémence started. She went up to her grandmother, and took a firm hold of her arm.

"Speak more plainly," she said, in a hard, strained voice, that

startled Madame. "Do you mean to tell me that Rosalie loves Louis?" An angry flush rose on her cheeks.

"Not more than he loves her. And why should I not mean to tell thee? It is the kindest and the best office I can do thee, Clémence." Her voice was less angry, and she laid her hand on the young girl's clasping fingers. "I warn thee in time not to force thyself on an unwilling husband."

For a moment Clémence stood crimsoned, almost suffocated with a horrible fear. Had Louis never loved her? Then the blood retreated as suddenly as it had come. Once more she felt free to speak.

"How do you know this?" She spoke with authority, and Madame was cowed.

"I know it from the child herself. Besides, was it not enough to see the change that came over Louis at thy return?"

"Ah!" burst from the pale lips; but there was no answer; and the grandmother's voice was not so firm when she next spoke.

"He has not been like the same creature, that poor youth. It is not surely possible that thou hast thought him happy? But, Clémence, I ask thee to convince thyself. Ask Elodie, ask any one of the household. They must tell thee how happy he was with Rosalie. He could not bear to lose sight of her a moment."

Madame paused for an answer; but Clémence only raised her head defiantly, as if to repel sympathy. Then she went away.

In that quaint old Flemish city, in one of the side-chapels of a small church, is a beautiful picture of the Crucifixion. At midday a woman came into the little chapel and knelt before its altar. At three o'clock she was there, still kneeling.

The sacristan had observed the woman as he walked up and down the aisle. At first she knelt rigid, immovable as one of the statues around her, her face hidden by the falling black hood. As he passed again the head was bowed low over the clasped hands, and the whole body shaken with a tempest of sorrow. The sacristan was tender-hearted, and he moved to the other end of the church to get out of sight and hearing. Now, at three o'clock, he passed again by the Chapel of the Crucifixion. The woman knelt there still, but her grief was hushed. Her hands were clasped, but her head was thrown back, and the sacristan saw a young face, tear-stained, but no longer sad, the dark eyes fixed in loving contemplation on the picture above her.

When he passed again the chapel was empty.

Long ago instinct had told Clémence that she had a high proud spirit; under the loving rule of her father and her mother this had rarely been aroused. Her grandmother's words this morning raised a storm of passionate indignation that mastered sorrow.

When she left Madame de Vos she hurried to her own room and locked the door.

"It is a conspiracy, a plot, made by *bonne maman* herself to rob me of Louis." She flung herself on her knees beside her bed, and hid her face while the storm of passionate anger swept over her. Not for long. Like a cold hand laid on her heart came the remembrance of Rosalie's loveliness and her own inferiority.

Jealousy was not long added to her suffering—there must be hope to feed that pain; something in her own heart told Clémence after awhile that hope for her was over.

But the vehement anger returned. Her own passion terrified her; she could find no power to strive against it, and almost mechanically she hurried to St. Michel's.

She had been taken there as a child to see the famous picture of the Crucifixion, and an instinct, perhaps the consciousness that she would not be known or recognized in the far-off quiet little church, had taken her there to-day.

And Clémence stayed there till the evil spirit within her was laid; till a holy and calm light shone into her troubled heart; till she repented her anger, and resolved to give up self entirely, let the pain be what it might.

As she left the church, something seemed to whisper her not to put delay between her purpose and its execution. She turned in the direction of the railway station.

It was a great relief to find that a train was about to start for Alost; she drew her hood closely over her head and entered one of the carriages.

So long as the train moved on she never flinched from her purpose; but here is Alost, and she must take her way alone into the strange town. There came to Clémence a feeling of unreality in that which she was about to do; and her purpose faltered.

"Have I not been hasty and romantic?" she thought. "What if the whole story should be untrue? Oh, what will Louis think of me for following him to his own home?" But the sure conviction came back.

And then if she were not to find him, how could she announce herself to his father and mother as the girl to whom their son had been betrothed, but whom he no longer loved? She stopped and looked wistfully back towards the station. Just then the chimes of Alost began to play; the sound cheered her. She turned into a little shop with sponges roped like onions on each side of the door.

"Can you tell me where Monsieur Scherer lives?" she asked.

"Monsieur Scherer?" An apple-cheeked old man in a blouse pushed before his stolid-looking son,—"*Dame!* there are many Scherers in the town of Alost; is it then the Scherer whose son the *militaire* returned this morning? *Tiens!* there he is, *mademoiselle*,—there is Monsieur Scherer, fils, opposite."

Yes, there on the opposite side of the way was Louis. Clémence's heart seemed in her throat; for a moment she could not move, and then she came out of the little shop, and Louis saw her. He was by her side in an instant.

THE COURTYARD OF THE OURS D'OR.

"Clémence, what is it? what has happened?"

Her courage was going fast; face to face again with him her words would not come.

"Louis," she said at last, but without looking at him, "I want to speak to you, but not in your own home."

He looked at her wonderingly; it seemed to him that she had lost her senses, but still her calmly spoken words compelled him to obey her. He led the way like a man in a dream into a small deserted street, and then a thought occurred to him.

"We have a fruit-garden hereabouts," he said, "and I have the key; I was going there for my mother."

A little way on, and they came to a high wall. Louis Scherer opened a small door in it, and Clémence found herself in a walled garden, shaded by pear-trees. Their entrance startled a troop of brilliant butterflies from the scarlet-runner vines. The two stood facing one another just within the gate.

"Louis"—she spoke simply and quietly—"why did you not answer me truly this morning? Why did you not say, 'I love Rosalie?'"

His eyes fell, and her heart sank with them. Till then, Clémence had not known that hope yet lingered.

"What cause have I given you for jealousy?" he said, sullenly; and then, "You are making us both unhappy, Clémence."

She laid her hand gently on his arm. "Do not be angry with me. You will not when you have listened. I was agitated, I met you so suddenly, and I began wrongly. I have not come here to anger you, my Louis—it is the last time I call you so. I came only to set you free. I want you to be happy. No, do not stop me. No one shall ever blame you. I shall tell my father that I have broken with you—that—that—I do not wish to be your wife."

"And do you not wish it, Clémence?"

A great struggle was going on in the young soldier's heart; his recollection was coming back. He held both her hands while he waited for her answer. A deep blush spread over her face, and her eyes drooped. It was so hard to speak.

"No, I do not wish it," she said at last, and the true clear eyes looked at him again. "You do not love me as I must be loved. You thought you loved me two years ago." His eager denial *would* be heard. Clémence smiled sadly. "Well, then, you did love me; but now you have found one better suited to you, and your love has changed. I do not blame you—only—if you had told me at once—at first,"—she stopped; she had resolved not to reproach him.

She had borne up bravely; but now the break in her voice conquered Louis.

He fell on his knees beside her, still holding both the little hands; he covered them with kisses.

"Clémence"—his voice was hoarse and choked—"I was blind—mad—wicked. I yielded to the fancy of a moment—it is not more. Pardon

me—oh, pardon me, and give me back your love!" And as he spoke the words he believed in them.

She drew her hands away. She had not counted on this trial. It was the sharpest agony of all; and yet he must never know it. She would not fail now.

"Louis"—her voice shook, but she tried to steady it—"it is only your kind heart that speaks now. Listen. Rosalie loves you; and you must marry her. In a few days you will have learned that you love her; that it is not in your power to make me happy. I should be wretched with a husband who could not love me with all his heart; and then, what would life be to you or me? Now let me go."

It seemed as if a mighty change had passed over these lovers. This loving, submissive Clémence was all at once a being to be revered as well as loved. Louis felt so infinitely abased before her—it seemed wonderful that he could have dared just now to kiss her hands. If she would but listen to him! his weak heart still whispered; but that was not possible. She only answered,—“No Louis—let me go.”

Slowly and with bent head he opened the gate for her.

“When will you return to the Ours d’Or?” said Clémence.

“I do not intend to return there.”

She gave him a look, half sad, half smiling, a look that often came back to him in the future; then she drew her hood closely over her face and hastened back to the station.

It is evening again in the courtyard of the Ours d’Or; the little fountain’s plash is almost plaintive in the stillness: stillness now, but not so long ago stern and angry words had been spoken in the vine-shaded arbour: only Clémence’s tears had power to subdue her father’s indignation.

There had been a long pause, and now Auguste de Vos spoke again:—

“But for thee, my darling, the false-hearted fellow should never have darkened the old archway again, for I can see exactly what has come to pass, and how it all happened, spite of thy tender artifice. Elodie hasn’t been silent since thy departure; she was not blind, as I was. If it must be, let him take Rosalie at once, and then thou shalt come back from Bruges, my Clémence, and thou shalt be thy father’s comfort and blessing. . . .”

And Clémence still keeps house for her father at the Ours d’Or, for the ‘bonne maman’ went back to Louvain on Rosalie’s wedding-day.

Military Signalling and Telegraphy.

WHEN we speak of an army as a military body we use an expression which suggests several useful analogies. Among these the power which the head or directing intelligence of a sound, well-constituted body has of readily communicating with each member, and the reciprocal power which the members possess of flashing back the minutest sensations and giving warning of the least approach of danger, or pleasure, or pain, furnish a perfectly just illustration of the nature of the intercommunication which should exist throughout the parts of a body military engaged in common or parallel operations. If between the different members of that body, or between the body and its head, the current of communication and intelligence be not complete and satisfactory, something very closely resembling paralysis will be the result; or if motion there be, that motion will as often as not be conflicting and disastrous. It is a first necessity of warlike operations—a necessity of very existence of the body military—that the right hand should know what the left hand doeth, and that all the members should be under the immediate directing control of, and in close communication with, the presiding head. The three main points in a complete and satisfactory system of military, as of other communications, are Certainty, Accuracy and Rapidity. We must be able to ensure at all times an unbroken flow of communication; the communications must be capable of being conveyed with perfect accuracy and intelligibility; and it is generally necessary, it is always desirable, that they should be rapidly conveyed. The more nearly these three primary conditions are satisfied, the better will an army and its general be served. Until within the past few years the system of military communication has been defective at each of these points. Generals have had, for the most part, to depend upon the delivery by mounted officers or orderlies of verbal, or, it might be, hastily written messages. Thus, at the outset, certainty of the delivery of the message could not always be secured. The messenger might be slain, or captured, or he might lose his way, or the communication might be absolutely closed. In the case of a besieged army endeavouring to communicate with a relieving force, the last fatal condition has generally been established. Not to go too far back, or to ransack military history for remote instances, the case of the Lucknow garrison furnishes a good example of the uncertainty of the old system. It was only by the devotion of Mr. Kavanagh, and by the exercise of a gallantry which well earned the Victoria Cross, that the defenders of the Residency were able to communicate at all with Havelock's relieving force; and instances will readily occur to every student of military

history of failures in the delivery of messages which have been fruitful of disastrous consequences. The accuracy of transmission is no less important than the certainty of delivery; and the mention of the Balaklava charge, to which the mistaken order of Lord Raglan to Lord Lucan, and the absence of any possibility of obtaining at the moment an explanation, gave rise, is perhaps the best modern instance of a failure under this head. Then, obviously, the conveyance of a message by means of a mounted soldier must frequently fall short of the urgent requirements of the occasion, even supposing the mission to be accomplished safely and accurately. Had Napoleon been able to communicate more rapidly with d'Erlon's corps on the day of Ligny, or with Grouchy on the day preceding Waterloo, this celebrated campaign might have borne a different complexion. Indeed, probably every general of experience has had to lament, at some time or other, the inefficiency of his means of communication; and to this cause many generals would not hesitate to ascribe their defeats. Therefore, the establishment of a more complete system of military intercommunication is a matter of no small importance. And now-a-days, when the whole of the operations of war are conducted more rapidly, as well as upon a larger scale,—when battle-fields are ten miles wide, instead of two, and when the troops reach them by rail instead of on foot, and have to ward off blows which, once delivered, would be absolutely crushing and decisive,—the importance of this subject and the necessity for its development become more than ever marked. Indeed, it ranks not far short, if at all, of the rifled gun and the breech-loading musket in its probable influence upon the fortunes of armies. Happily, there have been men here, as elsewhere, who have appreciated the gravity of the question, and who have been unceasing in their efforts to apply to military operations means of communication already, to a great extent, in vogue for civil purposes. Signals and telegraphs have thus taken the place of mounted messengers, and every well-regulated army would now possess corps of men trained in the art of thus rapidly and accurately transmitting messages from one part of a force to the other.

The first designed application of military telegraphic communication to the use of an English army in the field was in 1854, when an equipment was sent to the Crimea to accompany the army in its field movements. The equipment was, however, not applied to this purpose, for the simple reason that there were no field movements worthy of the name; but it was employed for the establishment of a permanent communication between the British head-quarters and our base of operations. Signals, if we are not mistaken, were employed on the occasion of the landing in the Crimea, and between the troops and the ships during the few days' march which led up to the battle of the Alma. Certainly, also, the famous "Telegraph Tower" of the Russians, with its semaphore arms, existed to some useful purpose. But neither the telegraphic nor signal apparatus of the allies was brought into operation during the flank march, and their places were filled in the old fashion by mounted messengers—the most distinguished

of whom, Lieutenant Maxse, by his daring night ride worthily attracted at the time much public attention. In the same year the Austrians organized a military electric telegraph equipment. In 1857-8 the British Commander-in-Chief in India was kept by means of the wires in communication with the Governor-General. This was probably the first occasion on which telegraphy was employed on any large and useful scale with an army in movement. In the Italian war of 1859 telegraphs were again used between the line of operations and the base. It seems, however, to have been reserved for the Americans to develop, under the pressure of their desperate struggle, a complete telegraphic communication. Then, also, for the first time, if we are not mistaken, a recognized system of signals was extensively employed in the field; although it is fair to notice that the system had been already designed in England, and brought under the notice of our Government (in 1861) by Major Bolton, late of the 12th Regiment, to whose persistent exertions, in conjunction with Captain Colomb, R.N., we are mainly indebted for the present official recognition of the importance of the subject, and its reduction to an established system. To recount the occasions on which telegraphs and signals were used during the American war, would occupy more space than it is desirable we should bestow upon the mere history of the subject. It will be sufficient to state that the records of that great struggle are starred with instances of the successful use of these means of communication. Among other curious applications of the system, reference should be made to the employment by the Americans of balloons, as stations of observation. From these balloons the aeronauts made signals, by flags or otherwise, and communicated to their generals the results of their observations. In some instances, the balloon carried up with it a telegraph wire, along which communication was kept up with the friendly forces beneath. It is said that the first message ever telegraphed from a balloon was sent experimentally to Washington in June, 1860. During the battle of Harper's Ferry, in 1862, a balloon ascended from the Northern lines, and is stated to have been serviceable in telegraphing the movements of the enemy during the action, and finally announcing their retreat. An interesting account of these balloon-telegraph operations is given in the *Rebellion Record*,* which, if it could be entirely depended upon, would establish the value of balloons for military purposes. The credit of managing most of the ascents is due to Professor Lowe. The balloon, it should be noted, was always attached by a cord to the earth; and it certainly seems reasonable to believe that, regarded merely in the light of a station of observation, at an improvised altitude, a balloon would have some substantial uses. In addition to the balloon telegraphs, there were the permanent telegraphs, which followed the march of the armies and kept open communications between the head-quarters and the base. These telegraphs were disposed on regular posts by corps of men specially trained to the work. For

* See *Rebellion Record*, vol. v. p. 535.

communicating between head-quarters and the advanced posts or the detached limbs of the army, field telegraphs were used, in which the wire was laid from moving carriages, either on the ground or upon such trees, &c. as might be available. The American soldiers, however, found the telegraph wires too useful as tobacco-stoppers to be able always to resist the temptation of cutting out small pieces here and there, to the no small disadvantage of the telegraph; and it was not possible invariably to guard against injury of this sort, or such as resulted from purely accidental causes.

The telegraphists' exertions were supplemented by the use of flag-signals, by means of which communications were established in places where the telegraph had failed or could not be applied; and several instances are upon record of the successful use of signals during the war. On so large a scale was the telegraph used by the Americans, that, as early as June, 1862, we find "the army telegraph consisted of over 1,000 miles of wire stretched through the different camps." *

During the expedition to Abyssinia, the signal and telegraph corps, under the late Lieutenant Morgan, R.E., rendered good service, which was acknowledged by Lord Napier in his despatches in the following terms: "The signallers made themselves useful to the army the whole way from Senafé to Magdala, and their services were more especially valuable whilst the army crossed the ravines of the Takasse, the Jiddah, and the Bashilo, and on the advance to Magdala in communicating with distant points relative to placing the guns in position." In laying the Atlantic cable in 1866, all the ships were furnished with flashing signals; and the whole of the difficult and intricate operations of picking up the cable of 1865 were carried out by means of these signals, while the news which travelled to the fleet by cable from England was transmitted by flashing signals to the ships in company. One of the most interesting of the many experiments which have been made with flashing signals was carried out in 1864, between St. Catherine's Down, Isle of Wight, and the ship *Pigmy*, twenty-four miles out at sea—the results of which were accepted as conclusive that it is possible to transmit a message of twenty words from a look-out ship half-way across the Channel to the nearest English headland, in fifteen minutes.

Early in the present year, the pressure of these accumulated instances of the practical military value of telegraphs and signals induced the authorities to recognize the art of conveying messages by these means as one in which the army should be fully instructed. A circular was issued formally recognizing telegraphy as a branch of military science, and committing the task of instructing the troops in it to the Royal Engineers. All Engineer officers and a proportion of officers and men from each regiment are by this circular required to undergo a course of practical instruction (under Captain Stotherd, R.E.) at the School of Military Engineering, Chatham; and rules were laid down for the establishment of

* *Rebellion Record*, vol. iv. p. 64.

military telegraph and signal stations, and the complete organization of the system, with details as to the returns, forms, and books to be used, the duties of the superintending officers, &c. The system thus established has now, therefore, assumed a definite form and coherence, and already one or two classes have passed through the Chatham School. The signalling course lasts four weeks; the telegraphic course, which includes also some other matters connected with the military applications of electricity, as the firing of torpedoes, lasts seven weeks. Gradually the information thus imparted to individuals will permeate the masses of the army, and make itself felt throughout our military system.

Although the connection between signalling and telegraphy is very close and intimate,—so close indeed that signalling may be regarded as a branch or adjunct of telegraphy,—it is necessary for the purpose of description to deal with the two separately. Signalling is merely telegraphy without the electricity. It is, in fact, visual telegraphy; and is applicable under many circumstances in which the electric telegraph cannot be employed. Thus, wherever the two parties desiring to communicate are separated from each other, by the presence of an enemy or unfriendly population, by an intervening space of land or water, across which the telegraph wires cannot be readily or safely laid, the visual telegraph would be brought into play. At the late Dover Review, for example, it would have been manifestly impossible to communicate with the fleet except by means of visual signals; and the same may be said of all combined land and sea operations, or of the operations of ships in company. In the case already referred to of a besieged army desiring to communicate through the enemy with a relieving force, the electric telegraph would also be generally inapplicable. It is true that as the electric telegraph annihilates space, it may be practicable, in some instances, to communicate between points immediately separated through a distant third station. Thus, in the Bohemian campaign each of the two Prussian armies, during its advance, was kept perfectly informed by means of the telegraph through Berlin of the whereabouts and successes of the other. But this example, while exemplifying the value of the telegraph, proves nothing as against the supplementary value of visual signals when the telegraph is, as it often must be, inapplicable; nor does it detract from that advantage of the signal system which consists in the fact that the line of communication once established cannot be severed—except by a fog. To the examples which we have already adduced under this head may be added the application of signals at the late Dover Review to bridge over a breach in the telegraph wire which had been effected by some unfriendly knife; while for manœuvring purposes, to which the visual signal apparatus is readily applicable, the telegraph is, generally speaking, useless. The basis of the signal system which Major Bolton and Captain Colomb have established for military and naval use in this country, is an arrangement of long and short flashes—created either by the appearances or the movements of a single object for a greater or less length of time. Thus, in the case of a lamp, the length

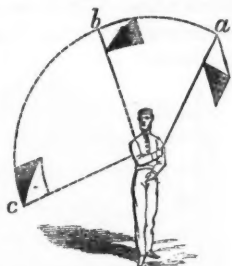
of time for which the light is visible, in the case of a flag the length of the wave or movement, determines the long or short flash; and by means of the infinite permutations and combinations of these long and short flashes, certain symbolic results are produced, which mean numerals or letters, words, and ultimately sentences. The long flash is about a second and a half in duration; the short flash is about half a second; and it is a fixed rule that every signal shall be repeated, at the rate of about one recurrence in every twenty or thirty seconds, until it is acknowledged by the whole of the stations addressed. Under ordinary circumstances, and where the corresponding parties are provided each with a code-book, the signals are made by numerals. Thus, the following flashes correspond to their respective numerals:—

1	—	6	— —
2	— —	7	— — —
3	— — —	8	— — — —
4	— — — —	9	— — — — —
5	— — — — —	0	— — — — —

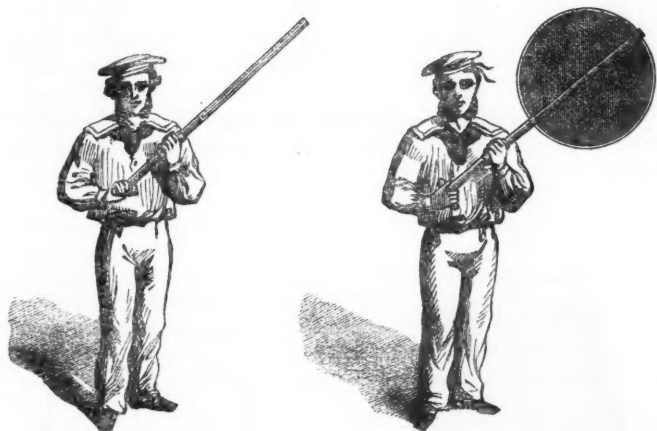
Each word is represented by a particular combination of numerals expressed as above; and the translation of the signs into words, and *vice versa*, is effected by means of a general code, which has been drawn up and is provided for the purpose. Such sentences as are likely to be frequently required, as "Sound the alarm," "Breach impracticable," "Who is the commanding officer?" "Move to right," or "left," &c., are represented by definite arrangements of numerals to save time. There is also a code of army and navy evolutionary signals, in which the words of command of the drill-books are tersely represented by short combinations; there is also a horary code, a geographical code, and several auxiliary signs. In some instances it is possible that one party would not possess a code-book. In such cases recourse would be had to the alphabetical code, the words being spelt out letter by letter, each letter being represented by a particular numeral produced by the ordinary numeral code of flashes; or the Morse alphabet may be used. On the other hand, the code-book or key to the signals may have fallen into possession of the enemy; and to meet such cases, a simple arrangement permits of the message being rendered in cipher, and made, therefore, absolutely unintelligible to every one except those who possess the key to the cipher. As a general rule, however, the messages would be transmitted in the manner first described, and to those not in possession of the code-book they would, of course, be as unintelligible as if passed in cipher.

The arrangement of the general code is sufficiently ingenious to merit a word of remark. It is disposed alphabetically, and the signs are distributed upon the pages in four columns containing twenty-five groups each, or one hundred per page. The advantage of this arrangement to the corresponding parties is obvious. Thus, the party transmitting the message has merely to consult its code-book like a dictionary, and to

distances, flags fitted on to light poles. The flags are made wholly white, wholly black, and half black and white, for use according to the prevailing tone of the background. The long and short flashes are represented by moving the flags a greater or less arc of a circle, as in the annexed cut, where *a b* represents a short, and *a c* a long flash. Flag-signals are visible in clear weather about four miles.



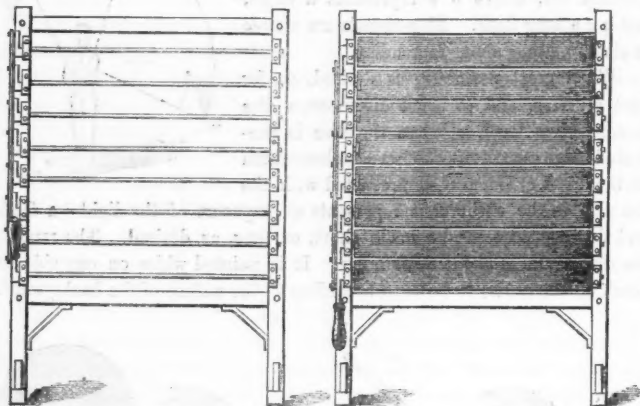
When great portability is desired, as for boat services, and at short distances, a disc is sometimes used. When the disc is presented edgewise it represents an obscuration of the light. When it is presented with the flat side to the observer it represents an exposure of the light—a flash; and this exposure can be made short, or long, as desired. The range of the disc signal is about three miles. It is painted white on one side and black on the other, to be used according to the nature of the background.



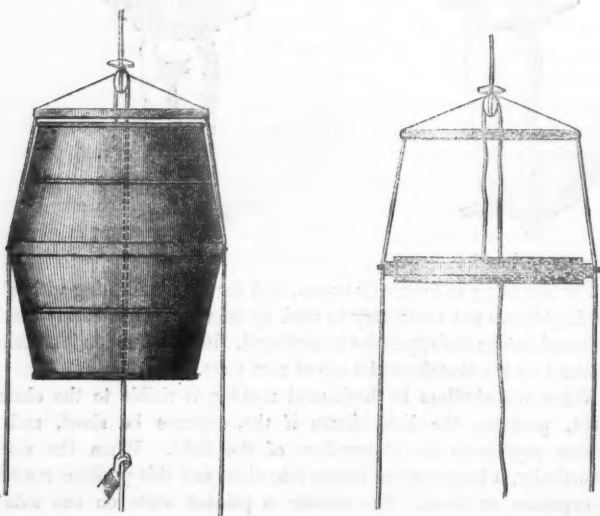
For signalling to longer distances, and for communicating with ships, (the flag-signals not being easy to read by men on the unsteady platform of a vessel,) a shutter apparatus is employed. Its construction is sufficiently explained by the sketch on the top of next page.

When the shutters lie horizontal nothing is visible to the observer, except, perhaps, the light frame if the distance be short, and this position represents an obscuration of the light. When the shutters lie vertically, a large surface comes into view, and this position represents an exposure or flash. The shutter is painted white on one side and black on the other; and the whole apparatus revolves on a pivot, to

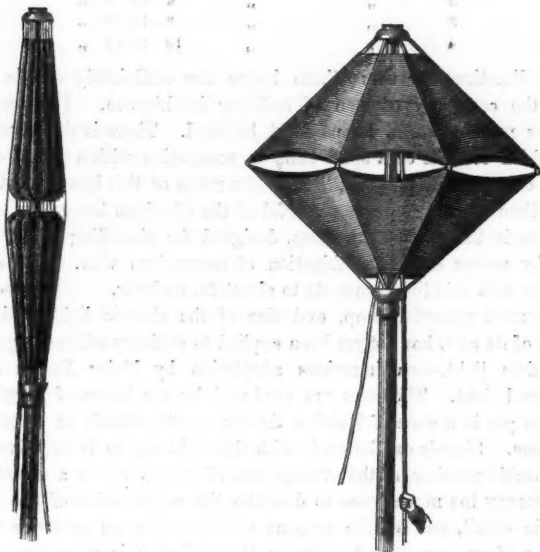
permit of either side being presented in any direction. The shutter is employed on permanent stations, and is effective in clear weather up to fifteen miles. Signals can be conveyed by this means with great rapidity, as the appearances and disappearances may be produced easily 100 times in a minute.



For ship purposes, where the signals are often required to be made all round at once, a collapsing drum or cone is generally substituted for the shutter.



For boat service, collapsing cones on the principle of an umbrella are employed.



The use of the drum and cone is similar to that of the shutter. They can be used up to eleven and six miles respectively. Jets of steam from an engine will also serve the same purpose; the length of the jet (or flash) being regulated by means of a valve.

The above apparatus are all intended for use in moderately clear weather. In fogs it is necessary to have recourse to sound as a means of communication, for which purpose either a fog-horn or a steam-whistle, uttering long and short sounds, can be employed—the code remaining, of course, the same.

At night, lamps of various descriptions are used to express the flashes. For moderate distances hand oil-lamps are employed, and the appearance and duration of the flash are regulated either by bellows, which flash up jets of magnesium powder through the flame, or by means of shades, which permit of the exposure of the light for a greater or less time. Upon the duration of the appearances depends the length of the flash, and upon the combination of long and short flashes the meaning of the message.

There are several varieties of these lamps, to be used according to circumstances. For greater distances, lamps designed to burn what is known as the "Chatham powder" are used. This powder is composed

of magnesium, resin, and lycopodium, in different proportions, according to the power of light required. Thus :—

No. 1	Chatham powder	has a range of	4	to	6 miles.
2	"	"	6	to	8 "
3	"	"	8	to	10 "
4	"	"	10	to	12 "

The directions for using these lamps are sufficiently simple to be within the capability of men of ordinary intelligence. For very long distances more powerful lamps must be used. There is the oxycalcium light, which consists of a spirit-lamp in connection with a jet of oxygen thrown on a pencil of quick-lime. The range of this lamp is not much greater than that of the more powerful of the Chatham lamps.

There is the magnesium lamp, designed for signalling up to fifteen miles, by means of the combination of magnesium wire. The cost of signalling with this light amounts to about 2s. an hour.

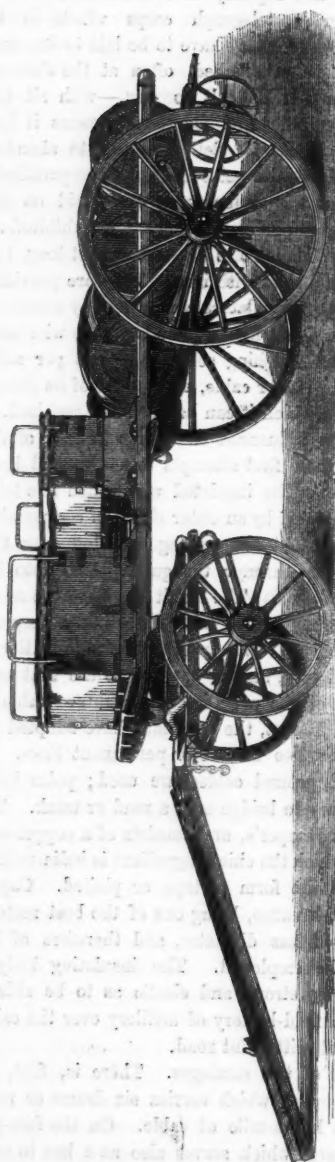
The most powerful lamp, exclusive of the electric light, which, on account of its cost, has not yet been applied to ordinary military signalling, is the lime light,—an ingenious adaptation by Major Bolton of the Drummond light. The rays are produced by a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen gas in a state of ignition thrown simultaneously on a pencil of quick-lime. Signals can be made with this light up to twenty-five miles in favourable weather, at the average rate of twenty words a minute. It would occupy too much space to describe the construction of the various lamps in detail, and as the present article makes no pretence to the character of an exhaustive treatise on the subject, it is unnecessary to do so. Those who desire fuller information can hardly do better than refer to a report by Captain Stotherd, R.E., on the telegraphic appliances exhibited at Paris in 1867, which is published in the current volume (xvii.) of the *Professional Papers of the Corps of Royal Engineers*—to which work, and to a small pamphlet on military signalling by Major Bolton and Captain Colomb, we desire to express our acknowledgments.

In determining a system of electric telegraphy suitable for military use, many points which do not affect telegraphy in its ordinary application have to be taken into consideration. The two may be said to meet almost on common ground in the permanent and reserve lines of telegraph which would form a part of most military electric telegraph systems. In such lines the conditions are very much the same as on ordinary lines. The question of portability is no very urgent one. The choice of instruments may generally be determined by the same considerations as have recommended the selection of particular batteries for civil use, and the whole equipment may be of a fairly substantial and permanent character. Of military telegraphs of this class it is unnecessary to say anything here. They are scarcely, indeed, to be regarded as possessing any special military character. But when we come to deal with field telegraphs—the military telegraph proper—we find ourselves face to face with a totally new set of conditions, which require to be rigorously satisfied. Of these

the most prominent are portability and rapidity of construction. It is evidently impracticable to hamper a telegraph corps which is to accompany an army on its march,—which may have to be laid to-day and removed to-morrow, which has to be established, often at the shortest possible notice, over an unknown and difficult country,—with all the paraphernalia of the ordinary telegraph. And for these reasons it has been generally decided that it is better for field purposes to abandon aerial lines of communications which require poles and other comparatively cumbersome appliances, and to adopt the system of a cable laid on the ground. The Austrians, it is true, employ aerial lines, and exhibited all the necessary appliances at Paris. Their poles are sixteen feet long, two inches diameter, slightly tapering and shod with iron. They are provided with iron spikes, to which gutta-percha insulators can be readily attached. A pole and insulator weigh together about fifteen pounds. The wire used is copper, about sixteen gauge, and weighing seventy pounds per mile. Plain wire is preferred to insulated wire, or cable, on account of its cheapness, lightness, and the facility with which it can be fixed and repaired.

The Austrians, we believe, were influenced in their adoption of the aerial system by the fact, that in their first attempts to use ground lines they employed an unsuitable cable. The insulated wire which was tried had a covering of gutta-percha, protected by an outer shield of copper wire. In practice, however, it was found that the carriage passing over this cable sometimes drove the outer wire through the gutta-percha into the wire core, thus destroying the insulation. The result has been the adoption of a system which is in every way less suitable for military purposes than that employed by our engineers. The transport of a quantity of poles is a matter of no small difficulty, and is opposed to the first condition of portability; the erection of the poles is equally unfavourable to the second condition of rapidity. In fact, the Austrians have adopted for field use an equipment better suited to reserve or permanent lines. In this country, as we have indicated, ground cables are used; poles being employed only where it is necessary to bridge over a road or track. The cable employed is that known as Hooper's, and consists of a copper wire insulated in a patent coating, of which the chief ingredient is india-rubber, and covered with hemp, either in the form of tape or plaited. Copper wire is used in preference to iron, because, being one of the best metallic conductors of electricity, a wire of less diameter, and therefore of less weight than one of iron, can be employed. The insulating body is exceedingly soft and pliable, and so strong and elastic as to be able to resist uninjured the passage of a field-battery of artillery over the cable, when laid on a hard and somewhat gritty flint road.

The field equipment consists of two carriages. There is, first, the "wire-waggon," drawn by four horses, which carries six drums or reels, each reel having wound upon it half-a-mile of cable. On the fore-part of the waggon is a seat for the men, which serves also as a box to carry implements; and there is a second box immediately behind available for



the same purpose. Between the rows of drums are the poles which are used for bridging the cable over roads. The poles are of tubular iron, and of a two-jointed telescopic construction, pulling out to a total length of about 18 feet, and giving, when fixed, a clear headway of about 14 feet. The parts of the poles fit together by means of a bayonet-joint. It is in contemplation to carry the poles and appliances for fixing them on a separate waggon, in order to save time in laying the wire, a result which seems to have been established by a recent experiment, when the wire-waggon travelled along, paying out its cable, leaving at each space to be bridged over enough slack to complete the bridge. The pole-waggon travelling behind picked up the slack, fixed its poles (by means of fine wire guys and iron pickets), and completed the bridge. By this arrangement all loss of time due to fixing the poles is avoided. The wire-waggon also carries a small ladder, for fixing the wire on trees, &c., when desired, or

to ordinary telegraph posts, or over the wires of a fixed aerial line, where they happen to be available; and beneath the waggon is a small hand-barrow, on which the drums can be placed and wheeled by hand over ground which the waggon could not traverse, and which is fitted with handles for carrying the reels over ploughed fields or very broken ground.

In laying the wire along an ordinary road, the waggon travels forward at a rate of three, four, or even occasionally five miles an hour. One man seated by the hinder reel regulates its rate of delivery; another man, walking or running behind the waggon, pays out the wire; others following, distribute it conveniently along the side of the road, or throw it over or on to the hedge out of harm's way. These men are provided with sticks having a pronged end, for the purpose of placing the wire over the hedges, and with thick leathern gloves to enable them to handle it as it is paid out. The rate of laying varies according to the nature of the road and to the number of stoppages. By adopting the plan of carrying the poles separately, it is probable that an average rate on level roads of at least three miles an hour may be attained. When the poles are carried on the wire-waggon the average is nearer two miles an hour. At the completion of each reel, the communication with head-quarters is tested by means of a small and highly sensitive sounding instrument. For this purpose a continuous current is kept up from the head-quarter station, and wherever it is necessary to test, all that is required is to "make earth," by means of a copper earth-plate, and to apply the sounder. If the connection is satisfactory, the wire is connected with the next reel, by means of an ingenious and highly effective joint designed by Sergeant Matheson, R.E., to whose successful and intelligent exertions in the cause of army telegraphy great credit is due. The construction of this joint, which provides a perfect insulation, and is strong, simple, and very quick in application, can hardly be described without detailed drawings. It may here be mentioned that a battery designed by Sergeant Matheson, of an inexpensive and good portable construction, is generally employed for field purposes.

The operation of sounding, making, and closing a joint, occupies only about two or three minutes. The operation of fixing the poles occupies an average of about four minutes. The cable can be taken up at about the same rate as it is laid down. The revolution of the reel is in this case effected by means of a driving band attached to the wheel of the waggon. When the wire is being paid out, the revolution of the reel is effected by the pull of the wire.

The other carriage which accompanies the field-telegraph equipment is the "office-waggon"—a covered waggon, conveniently fitted up for the reception of the batteries, two telegraph instruments, a desk, and all the necessary tools and appliances. To these are added the flags and lamps for visual signalling; and, as the office may be occasionally isolated, a few cooking-utensils.

When the office has been established, the wires are connected with

the instruments, the earth circuit is made good, and communications are opened. The conversation can either be carried on by the Bolton code, or by the Morse alphabet, of which the code is an adaptation. The Morse alphabet consists, like the Bolton code, of two elements,—the long and short dash. But, while in the Bolton code these, as has been explained, are combined to represent numerals, and ultimately words, the combinations in the Morse alphabet represent letters. The distinguishing feature between the two systems is, that the Morse system being based on spelling, all necessity for a code, and therefore for a code-book, is dispensed with.

Some explanation may perhaps be needed as to why the Morse alphabetical system is not used for visual signalling. It may appear to be recommended by the facts, that the signal parties could thus dispense with a book; that the operation of looking out the code numbers, and translating them into words, is got rid of; that it is, therefore, probably quicker in the end; that the chance of error is less, as a single misplaced letter is easily detected, while the alteration of a numeral may point to a totally different group of words, and, therefore, to a totally different sense from that intended; that it is undesirable, looking to the close connection between the visual and electric systems, to adopt for them two different languages; finally, that the Morse language is well known to all telegraphists. These arguments are indeed sufficiently weighty to appear to some to recommend the universal adoption of the Morse alphabet. But, on the other hand, it is urged and admitted that the Bolton system is very much more easily committed to memory, as a man has only to carry in his head the ten numerals and a few auxiliary signs; that once acquired, but little practice is needed to keep it up, whereas the Morse alphabet must be often practised, even by those who have learned it thoroughly; that men are very liable to mistakes in reading proper names by the Morse alphabet; and that the code insures absolute secrecy, unless the enemy becomes possessed of the code-book. In reply, it is urged that by retaining corps of thoroughly trained signallers in frequent practice, the principal objections to the Morse system are overcome; and that, as for secrecy, it is quite possible to render a Morse message in cipher by the assistance of the cryptograph, or otherwise. The point is one which, of course, admits of argument; but a review of all the considerations appears to justify the decision which has been come to, to use the Bolton code generally for visual, and the Morse generally for electric communication. And by adopting the Bolton code, as well as the Morse alphabet, the signallers have their choice—which may often be usefully exercised—of two systems. Moreover, for communication with the navy, or when it is necessary to address more than one point by signals at the same time, the Morse system is inapplicable; whereas the code and the established naval system being both expressed by numbers, the use of the code enables signals to be exchanged between the shore and ships afloat for combined operations, as well as to effect a simultaneous communication between a central

position and numerous surrounding outposts, and it also enables passing vessels to communicate with the shore. These conditions could not be fulfilled with the Morse system.

The message as received by telegraph, whether in alphabetical or code symbols, is recorded in the office by means of a Morse ink-recorder,—an ingenious, but sufficiently well-known arrangement, by which the dots and dashes, as received, are automatically recorded in ink upon a long, narrow strip of paper, which can be read off by a competent telegraphist as easily as one would read a book.

Such is the system of field telegraphy adopted in our services. We have dealt with the cases in which visual signals would be used in preference to the telegraph wire; there are other cases in which the wire would be preferred to the visual system. For example, over long distances, or where the nature of the country forbade the use of visual signals. But, in truth, the use of the two is made most apparent when they are employed in conjunction. Thus, in the case of an army awaiting an enemy's attack, a telegraphic communication would be established between the advanced posts and head-quarters, while reconnoitring parties would be thrown out, with signalmen in various directions. The observations of these parties would be immediately communicated by flag or lamp signals to the telegraph office, and thence flashed back to head-quarters; and communications would thus be established between the base of operations and the most distant pickets, placed in positions not easily accessible to the telegraph; or when the telegraph wire had succumbed to the enemy's knife, visual signals would be resorted to, to bridge over the interruptions, as was actually done at the Dover Review, and often in America.

This liability of the telegraph to be disabled is one of the difficulties to be contended with. It is not always possible to guard efficiently long lines of wire; and they are sometimes exposed to the attacks of such bold raiders as Morgan, Stuart, and others, both Federal and Confederate, who made their way to the rear of the advanced telegraph posts and interrupted the communication. A favourite plan of the raiders was to "tap" the wire and extract from it all the information with which it was charged. This is easily done when temporary possession is obtained of one point on the line, by the application of a small pocket instrument. An amusing incident of this description is related as having occurred during Morgan's raid into Kentucky, in the summer of 1863. The wire was tapped between Nashville and Louisville, and the impromptu telegraphist received various messages from the Federal officers in command of those posts. Morgan, personating the Federal officers, ordered and counter-ordered the various detachments as it suited his purpose. "He received," says Colonel Fletcher, to whom we are indebted for this anecdote, "many warnings of his own presence in the country, and messages not always complimentary relative to himself; whilst he was often obliged to have recourse to stratagems to discover some clue, his ignorance of which would have betrayed the trick. Thus, wishing to ascertain the station from which a particular message had been

despatched, without exciting suspicion, he telegraphed to this effect: 'A gentleman in the office bets me two cigars that you cannot spell the name of your station correctly.' Answer: 'Take the bet. Lebanon Junction. Is this not right? How did he think I would spell it?' 'He gives it up. He thought you would put two b's in Lebanon.' Answer: 'Ha! ha! he is a green one.' And then followed inquiries respecting a train full of soldiers, which had already fallen into Morgan's clutches. Frequently, after serious work, and after all the information necessary had been acquired, some irritating message would be sent through the wires to the unfortunate officer, who, the victim of the stratagem, had been communicating freely the secrets of the army to the enemy's general. Thus, Morgan telegraphs his farewell to a Federal general, who unwittingly had betrayed to him the disposition of his forces: 'Good morning, Jerry. The telegraph is a great institution. You should destroy it, as it keeps you too well posted. My friend has all the despatches since the 12th July on file; do you wish for copies?' And then, probably, when the mischief had been done, the wire was cut. However, tapping the wire may be defeated by the simple counter-stratagem of invariably telegraphing in cipher. And in any case the verdict will probably be that pronounced by Morgan above, although in a different sense, that the telegraph, in its application to military purposes, although not yet, perhaps, fully developed, is a great institution, the value of which will probably be recognized in the next campaign, if it is not already perceived. And to this system the visual signals form a useful and necessary adjunct. We trust that no mistaken views of economy will be allowed to cripple the efficiency of the practical school at Chatham, where these things are taught.

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